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DESERTED BRIDE.

VOL I.

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DESERVED BRIDE



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O L I V I A;

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OR,

DESERTED BRIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
HORTENSIA,
THE RAMBLES OF FRANKLY,
AND
THE FASHIONABLE FRIEND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for W. LANE, in Leadenhall-Street.

MDCCLXXXVII.

O L V I A

DESSERTED BRIDE

BY THE AUTHOR OF
HORTENSIA
THE GAMBLER OF BRANLEY
AND
THE FASHIONABLE FRENCH



VOL. I

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

LONDON: J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1841.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following sheets is aware that no writer is more in danger of the lash of criticism than the Novelist; and although she has, in all her former attempts, met with the most generous and indulgent candour, yet she feels a timid apprehension at again appearing before so awful a tribunal as the World.

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CONSCIOUS, however, of never taking up the pen but with the design of benefitting her fellow-creatures, by inculcating lessons of morality amidst the alluring and fascinating scenes of fiction, she has endeavoured to shew the advantages which arise from the virtue that steadily preserves sincerity in friendship, fortitude in affliction, and humility in the sunshine of prosperity : nor has she neglected to paint the unmixed delights which flow from the practice of universal benevolence. With these well-meaning intentions she ventures to send OLIVIA into the world.

EVERY day's experience will certainly serve to convince the most inattentive

attentive observer that too many, so far from being permitted to leave their cares on the altar of Hymen, very soon find them increased by the celebration of those rights, which admit of no honourable release but death ; whilst the exertion of the most watchful circumspection is necessary in this age of roving infidelity, to confine the changeable nature of mortals in the soft fetters of affection. For these reasons the Author has in this, as in some former publications, deviated from the plan of many superior writers, in not leaving her Heroines at the important period of their commencing wives.

If

viii P R E F A C E.

IF, in the single state, people are often known to meet such trials as call for the utmost resolution and fortitude to support, why should the young be taught to expect, or the romantic to hope, that so serious a change in their situation as marriage must produce, however flattering and promising the appendages may appear, will not be accompanied by its attendant cares ?

To be good wives, agreeable companions, prudent mistresses of families, and exemplary parents, are duties, in the practice of which only their delights can be discovered; and, to be reconciled to the fatigues with which they are attended, people must
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first be convinced that no situation is exempt from care; and that the great and the good are equally exposed to the tempest of adversity and the errors of the heart, as those unknown to fortune, and unnoticed by the smiles of prosperity; and that every one must partake in common with others, perhaps less deserving, their share in the miseries of human life. Such lessons, if deeply imprinted upon the mind, will increase the ardour of *meriting* to be happy, and more easily reconcile them to any unfortunate incident which may arise to disappoint their most sanguine or favourite wishes. To cherish the vain hope of uninterrupted felicity is as absurd as it is to expect

x P R E F A C E.

pect unerring perfection from any child of mortality.

STEADILY to adhere to the laudable ambition of acquiring happiness by virtue, is the only recipe ever yet discovered that could reconcile us to our inseparable connection with affliction; the sharpness of whose arrows are easily repelled, when not pointed with guilt.

IN the following sheets nothing marvellous is introduced. The Author has neither attempted to dress Vice in captivating colours, nor step beyond the bounds of probability to encourage the folly of romance, which too often misleads the unguarded heart.

heart. Her characters, if not surprising, she hopes will be found natural and interesting, and the sentiments such as will serve to amuse the good, caution the undesigning, and make some impression on the profligate and vicious.

OLIVIA;

P. R. E. A. C. E.

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OLIVIA

O L I V I A;
OR, THE
DESERTED BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

*Some Account of the Family from whom the
Heroine of the following Sheets descended.*

THE grandfather of Olivia descended from a very ancient and respectable family, that lived for many generations in the West of England, not more distinguished for the antiquity of their birth than the dignity of their manners, the splendour of their fortunes, and the hospitality of their dispositions. He was one amongst the number of the nume-

rous offspring from one of the younger branches of this well-known family : but being possessed of high health, uncontrollable passions, and a volatile disposition, he rambled in the pursuit of pleasure beyond the bounds of prudence and the limits of a narrow fortune. In vain his friends remonstrated, in vain they threatened. Too weak to resist temptation, and too sanguine to foresee the ill effects of his own imprudence, he went on in the flowery path of delusive dissipation, till his fortune was nearly squandered, and health, that first of human blessings, threatened to desert and leave him the victim of his vices. Then he began secretly to lament the treasure he had lost : but still obstinately determined on his own undoing, he married an indigent, but virtuous young woman, whom he had vainly endeavoured to gain on dishonourable terms.

This last action completed the ruin of this unthinking young man. His friends, whom he had before highly displeased, were now irritated beyond all hopes of
forgive-

forgiveness, and determined to see him no more. They had cherished expectations of his repairing his youthful imprudences, by an advantageous match with a young Lady of large fortune, who had long indulged a secret partiality for him.

Finding himself, therefore, renounced and disowned by his nearest relations, he became desperate, and secretly withdrew himself to a distant part of the kingdom, took upon himself the name of Elford, and, with a very small fortune, commenced merchant; but not finding that happiness he expected with the woman for whom he had sacrificed the support and protection of his friends, he became morose, unsocial, discontented, and miserable; and, in a moment of despondence, took a solemn oath never to discover to what family he belonged; and compelled the equally wretched partner of his imprudence to do the same.

Mrs. Elford, disappointed of all her flattering and aspiring hopes, by the obstinacy of her husband and the displeasure

sure of his family, very soon fell the sacrifice of grief, despair, and discontent. One only child had been the offspring of this thoughtless and unfortunate couple. Mr. Elford survived his companion but a few years, and left his orphan son to the care of an intimate acquaintance. To this friend he often mentioned his story, but ever concealed his own name and that of his family; and when he died, he left no clue by which it could be unravell'd after his decease.

The gentleman who was left guardian to young Elford was a Mr. Hamilton, who bore a very respectable character in the mercantile world. Though not distinguished by any shining abilities, he possessed a benevolent and feeling heart, which led him readily to undertake the care of the little orphan, whose case he considered as singular as it was unfortunate.

Young Elford felt no lasting regret for the death of his parents, whom he had, by their discontent and severity, been taught

taught to fear more than to love. Being placed by his guardian in a reputable and good school, from a dull and melancholy boy, he became lively and active; and, by his attention and natural sweetness of temper, not only won the hearts of his young companions, but rendered himself dear to his instructors.

In this school he continued some years, making a rapid progress in his education. As he generally passed all his vacations at his guardian's, who had only two children, a son and a daughter, he was considered as one of the family, and felt himself as strongly and tenderly attached to every part of it, as if the ties of nature had given him a claim to be so. But there was a still more powerful cause, a tie, an attraction that his youth and inexperience had not yet discovered even to himself. Olivia Hamilton, the daughter of his guardian, was a lovely girl, amiable in her manners, charming in her person, whose gentle sweetness of disposition, more than the gracefulness of her

figure, made her not only beloved by every one in her own family, but by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

When the period arrived in which Mr. Hamilton thought it necessary that his young charge should fix upon some business or profession for his future establishment, he chose that of a surgeon. Though Mr. Hamilton had rather have taken him into his own counting-house, yet he made no opposition to the choice of Elford, and, in a very few weeks, had him articulated to an eminent surgeon that lived in the same place with himself, concluding it would be greatly to the advantage of the young man to have him immediately under his own watchful eye, that, if any little follies or evil propensities should be discovered, he might be able, by his authority, admonitions, or advice, to prevent their taking very deep root, and easily eradicate them from the yielding soil of youth and inexperience.

Nothing, however, could be more promising than the disposition and conduct
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of Elford. Beloved by his young acquaintance, respected by the most considerable of his master's patients, and almost adored by the poorest, whom he constantly visited with the most willing and unremitting attention, and treated with a tenderness and humanity which they had been unaccustomed to meet with from his predecessors, he became in a few years the idol of the place; and, as it made him neither vain nor assuming, Envy herself was silent when his name was mentioned. Such an undoubted testimony of his worth rendered him a welcome visitant in many genteel families; therefore it cannot be supposed but it made him infinitely dear to the family of his guardian, at whose house he passed the greatest part of his leisure hours.

First impressions are not easily eradicated from susceptible hearts. Such was the heart of Elford. Formed to love but one, he loved with a fervor and tenderness that was as uncommon as it was sincere.

Olivia Hamilton returned from boarding-school, improved in every mental and acquired accomplishment. The blooming, artless girl was just lost in the beautiful woman, when Elford's apprenticeship was on the point of expiring, and his going to attend the hospitals began to be thought of; for Mr. Hamilton, knowing the young man's fortune to be so moderate as neither to support him with extravagance during his stay in London, nor with prudence to allow for any time being lost in idleness, wisely considered that he should, as soon as possible, be making something of that precious but precarious deposit, which stays for no one.

The dreadful thought of being parted from Olivia, first discovered to our young lover the dangerous situation of his heart. He had long known that he preferr'd the daughter of his guardian to all her sex; but he knew not, till the hour of separation drew near, how necessary she was to his happiness. The agonies he felt, lest,
during

during his absence, another should become possessed of this his dearest treasure, convinced him, that he loved the sweet girl beyond life or fortune ; and that, unless he was beloved in return, and blessed with her hand and heart, it would not be in the power of the most unbounded prosperity to make him happy.

An opportunity to discover the sentiments of the woman he loved could not be long wanted where the interviews were so frequent ; therefore he easily found one, to tell her how much he was her captive.

Olivia, a stranger to all the little vain follies and disguises of her more experienced sex, was too artless to conceal the pleasure the declaration gave her. She had long secretly loved her youthful companion, and, like him, without being sensible of the progress he had made in her affections, or of the influence he had obtained over every wish of her uncorrupted heart.

Thus mutually charmed, and partial to each other, they passed many unclouded hours with a rapture unknown to the fordid or designing. No guilt threw a gloom over the present moments, and they knew too little of the world to look forwards with apprehensions to the future. Few, very few, of such bright days are to be stolen by us passengers in this our pilgrimage of anxiety, care, and disappointment.

C H A P. II.

A sudden Change of Affairs.

OUR lovers thought it best and most prudent, not to discover their mutual attachment to Mr. Hamilton, till Elford had passed a twelvemonth in London, for the purpose of attending the hospitals. The susceptible heart of Elford wished
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he could have reaped improvement without being an hourly witness to the agonizing sufferings of so great a number of his fellow-creatures ; and he often secretly lamented having made choice of a profession he found so painful to his feelings ; but the dye was cast, and therefore he wisely determined to go on in pursuit of knowledge, not only for his own private advantage, but the good of mankind.

Nothing material occurred till Elford had been eleven months in London, when an unexpected stroke not only involved the lovers, but all their connections, in the most poignant distress. True is the observation, that however fair the prospect may for a time appear, affliction, that certain portion of man, will too often intercept our most flattering views. Mr. Hamilton had unwarily suffered a great house in Amsterdam, to over-draw him a very considerable sum, not doubting their credit or intention of soon sending to make good the deficiency, whereby he

unhappily involved himself and friends in ruin. The house he relied on failed, and the consequence was fatal to his affairs. He was obliged to stop. People in general exclaimed loudly against him; and he was not only left a beggar in his old age, but had the additional mortification of being looked coldly upon by those he had thought his best friends, and forsaken by his acquaintance: for, as many of them had severely suffered by his unwary confidence in the house that ruined him, they could not forgive the injury their affairs had sustained.

No sooner did Elford hear this unfortunate piece of intelligence, than, forgetful of his own loss, he set off for Mr. Hamilton's. The situation of his unhappy guardian awakened his tenderest compassion; but the sufferings of his dear Olivia filled his bosom with the most agonizing alarms. He knew the gentle susceptibility of her nature too well, to suppose it possible for her to support this heavy misfortune with fortitude, and therefore

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concluded with flattering himself the consolation would have most influence which came from one she loved. The meeting between the distressed parties was of that sort which admits of no description:—too affecting to afford pleasure, even at seeing a beloved object after a tedious absence; or even admitting it could be so, it was a kind of pleasure bordering upon anguish; because in the man she loved, she saw the being whom her father's imprudence had reduced to the brink of ruin.

The poor old man pathetically lamented the misfortunes he had brought upon his charge; for almost the whole of Elford's fortune was sunk with his own, except a small estate of about fifty pounds a year, which was known by the name of The Prodigal's Retreat. It had belonged to Elford's father, and took its name from the singular humour of its owner, it being the place to which he often fled as a refuge from the world and his own comfortless reflections.

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The house was small, but neat: It was so surrounded by trees that had been planted by its late owner, for the purpose of concealing it from the road, that it was not discovered till you came close to the door. This had answered the design of the elder Mr. Elford, who was seldom broke in upon but by those people whose business made it necessary for them to find a way to his retreat.

But though the front of it was so effectually concealed, the back part of it commanded a very extensive view across the country, which was beautiful and picturesque. It was situated in a delightful village, about the distance of a mile from the place in which Elford had lived during his apprenticeship, in the centre of a genteel and respectable neighbourhood, to whom the character of the father and the virtues of the son were well known. To this place Mr. Hamilton and his family retired, with the worthy Elford, as soon as the affairs of the former were settled.

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The creditors received only four shillings in the pound, which increased their asperity against the unfortunate Hamilton; and many invidious attempts were made to prevent Elford's having any farther connection with a family from whom he had suffered so material a loss of fortune: but he remained steady and unmoved; nor did he make any scruple to avow his sincere attachment to Olivia, and his intention of marrying her, as soon as he could prevail upon her to accompany him to the altar. When this was once made known, no one troubled themselves to interfere any farther in the matter, but considered the infatuated young man as an imprudent, obstinate fool, blindly determined on his own destruction.

Mrs. Hamilton had been dead some years. A friend in the metropolis wrote to Mr. Hamilton, and kindly offered to send his son to the Indies, to equip him at his own expence for the voyage, lend him a small sum of money, and ensure him

him the most advantageous recommendations. This proposal was instantly accepted, with grateful joy, and the young man, in a few weeks, took an affectionate and last farewell of his aged, dejected parent and weeping sister. The parting, on Mr. Hamilton's side, was considered as a final one. His feelings were too acute, and his emotions too strong, to permit his saying much. He however intreated his son to think of his sister, if ever fortune should smile upon him, and, by so doing, make some return to the generous Elford, for affording him protection and support in his old age.

Elford accompanied his friend and companion some miles on his journey. He not only loved him as the brother of his Olivia, but for an apparent similarity of disposition which had united them in the bonds of friendship. After giving him the best advice in his power, he left him, with tears of unaffected regret, to go in search of the precarious smiles of fortune,

fortune, which he wished propitious to his friend.

No sooner were Mr. Hamilton's affairs settled than our almost portionless lovers were led to the altar by their unfortunate father, who gave his whole treasure, his blooming Olivia, to the arms of her enraptured lover. Elford, at that transporting moment, considered himself as the richest and happiest of mortals. They retired to their little farm, which the enamoured husband proposed to occupy, and to practise, at the same time, as a surgeon and apothecary. He very soon became popular in his profession. Whenever informed of distress, he flew to its relief, and that without any other prospect of reward than what the satisfaction of having performed the duties of humanity ensured him; and though almost an hourly witness to the miseries and distresses of his fellow-creatures, it never hardened his heart, nor made him an indifferent spectator of their sufferings.—Hear this, ye rich or unfeeling, and blush, if, whilst
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ye are tempted to admire the amiable character of active benevolence in the form of Elford, ye suffer either pride or covetousness to prevent your imitating his example, so far as your fortune will allow.

The first interruption to the felicity of our new-married couple, arose from the visible decline of Mr. Hamilton, who, unable to support the torrent of adversity, sunk patiently beneath the burden his age and infirmities rendered him unable to sustain. The separation from his son gave the finishing stroke to his sorrows; and within six months after Olivia became a wife, she was deprived of her only remaining parent, who yielded his soul into the hands of his Maker, without any other regret than that of leaving his children such heavy sufferers, from the misfortunes he had brought upon them. He died in the supporting arms of Elford, who sincerely lamented him as a parent and a friend. Time, and the tender attentions of the most affectionate of husbands,

husbands, soon reconciled the gentle Olivia to this additional blow of adversity; whilst the consciousness of having ever been an affectionate and dutiful daughter assisted greatly to console her in the hours of grief and reflection.

C H A P. III.

The Birth of our Heroine.

WITHIN a twelvemonth after the old gentleman's decease, Mr. and Mrs. Elford became the happy parents of a sweet little girl, who was named after her mother.

In a very few years the young Olivia promised to inherit her mother's sweetness, beauty, and amiable manners; added to which, her youthful mind had early imbibed all her father's warmth of generosity and general benevolence. Soon

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as she could tell the meaning of distress, she was anxious to relieve it. In the mean while, frequent letters were received from her uncle Hamilton, which contained the most flattering accounts of his being happily established in one of our West India islands, and of his having a prospect of gaining a large fortune in the course of a few years.

If real happiness was ever enjoyed by mortals, it might at this period have been said to have fallen to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Elford. — The narrowness of their fortune only served to render them more eager in the exertion of talents that would have done honour to the highest rank. All the domestic virtues were placed within their bosoms. Love for the companion they had chosen, benevolence, and unassuming charity, were the benign attributes that held sovereign dominion over their minds, and regulated their desires.

Thus led by the hand of love, and guided by genuine and genial good-will, they

they were the friends of all; and the peace they enjoyed made their moments steal away with a placid serenity, unmarked by the heavy finger of discontent, or the corroding thorn of grief.

Alas! *mortals* must here regret that *mortal* happiness should be so transient! Ten fleeting years had now revolved since Elford had led Olivia from the altar a blushing happy bride, the last day of which period had been even happier than the first. No discord had ever found entrance to their peaceful dwelling; and though their rooms were seldom filled with company, cheerfulness had always been their guest. The same sentiments one avowed the other approved: not a wish extended beyond what they possessed in each other. Without pride, ambition, or avarice, they found abundance in a very narrow income; and had always a mite to bestow on those who wanted their assistance.

With reluctance I must now take leave of this interesting picture of un aspiring happiness,

happiness, in order to present a more gloomy portrait. Such is the lot of humanity, to have our brightest prospects lost in the moment of their highest enjoyment, and the fabric we had vainly erected sink into oblivion.

C H A P. IV.

Death proves himself a Tyrant.

THE humane, the unfortunate Elford attended a poor family that was attacked by a putrid fever, in the very moment they were labouring under all the miseries of extreme poverty, and, in his assiduous endeavours to save the unhappy people, caught the distemper himself: by him it was conveyed to his beloved Olivia: at the same time both were confined to their apartments. At every short interval of reason which either was indulged

indulged with, the greatest regret they were heard to express, was, that affliction had rendered them incapable of attending each other. Mrs. Elford forgot her own sufferings to lament those of her fond husband, whilst he thought only of those pangs his own painful feelings convinced him his adored wife had to encounter. This amiable couple, notwithstanding they had the best advice and most careful attendance, were very soon given over by their physicians, and within a few hours of each other, resigned their spotless souls into the hands of their Maker. They were sincerely regretted by all their acquaintance; the poor loudly lamented the loss of their friends and benefactors; and to this day, the names of Elford and Olivia are rarely mentioned without a tear of unaffected regret.

The young and beautiful Olivia, whose fate in this instance was similar to that of her late worthy father, was left at the age of eight years an orphan, without one relation to protect or undertake the
care

care of her and her little fortune, which amounted to no more than a few hundred pounds. But, happily for her, a friendship had been long established between her father and a Mr. Goldwyn, Rector of the parish. Before Mr. Elford was attacked with the disorder that proved fatal to him, he had providentially made his Will, in which he appointed Mr. Goldwyn executor, and, in case of her mother's death, sole guardian to his darling daughter.

Mr. Goldwyn, like the true friend and benevolent christian, had attended the last moments of this unfortunate couple with unremitting tenderness. As soon as they expired, he sent the little orphan to his own house, determining from that moment to consider her as his child, entrusted by the hand of Providence to his care and protection.—Mrs. Goldwyn was as ready as her husband to undertake her share of this important charge : they had been the parents of several children ; but at this time had only two, who were yet
very

very young, and whose life they had but little reason to expect.

As soon as the funeral of Olivia's parents was over, and the furniture of the house was disposed of, which raised only a sufficient sum to pay off part of a mortgage that Mr. Elford had been obliged to make of his estate, in order to furnish his house, and supply the necessary expences at first setting off, Mr. Goldwyn let the farm, and then began to consider what was to be done with his young charge. The attachment he had felt for her parents, and the affection which both he and Mrs. Goldwyn began to feel for their adopted child, made them anxious to bring her up in a way that should be perfectly consistent with her situation, and satisfactory to her deceased and tender parents, if they were permitted to know what was to be the lot of their darling child—from whom to be separated was the sharpest pang they felt in death, knowing they were going to leave her,

a helpless orphan, in a world of danger, care, and trial. He was therefore doubly anxious to form her mind to virtue.

C H A P. V.

A Proof that the best Actions do not always escape uncensured.

N O sooner was it known that Mr. Goldwyn designed to bring up the daughter of his deceased friend, than various conjectures were formed; and several malevolent people (for such are to be found in every corner of the globe) went so far as to hint, but with the utmost caution, that undoubtedly he had his reasons. Mrs. Elford was a beautiful woman: she had always paid great attention to Mr. Goldwyn, had even been heard to admire his person, and had often dared to encounter the utmost inclemency of the weather, by walking near
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two miles, rather than omit going to church. He had frequently accompanied her home, and dined with her, when the fond, unsuspecting husband was absent. Nay, it was even thought by some, that Olivia resembled the Goldwyn family.

These dark, malicious, and baneful insinuations were conveyed to the ear of Mrs. Goldwyn by one of those envious beings, who, incapable of a good or generous action, was willing, if possible, to prevent any other being found guilty of practising them; but if they would do so, determined to take every step that malice could invent, to deprive them of the sweet satisfaction which they feared would otherwise arise from the performance of them.

In this instance, however, the baseness was too obvious to avoid detection, and therefore was disappointed of its design. Mrs. Goldwyn heard the tale with unaffected composure. She loved and revered the memory of her departed friend; and had not a single doubt of the worth,

honour, and fidelity, of the best of husbands and of men; and therefore, by her contempt and disbelief of the infamous tale, sent the mean informer home with the scorpion lodged in her own bosom, which she would not admit to disturb the peace and tranquility of hers.

She failed not, however, the first opportunity, to tell Mr. Goldwyn the tale that had been so cruelly conveyed to her ear; complained that the world was strangely altered, for that formerly a generous action, instead of being condemned, was sure to meet with the applause it merited; lamented that in this fashionable and misjudging age, people should take so much pains to deprive themselves and others of all the fine feelings of the humane and benevolent heart; adding, with a smile, Am I not in this instance, my dear William, very good, to remain an unbeliever against facts so positively asserted?

Mr. Goldwyn, who remained perfectly unruffled by the above cheerful and humorous

morous recital of an infamous falsehood, that had been basely insinuated, either to prevent his designs in respect to the amiable orphan, or to disturb the domestic peace which he had hitherto enjoyed with the woman of his first and only choice, now felt the sweet reward of his own prudence and undeviating rectitude. He embraced his wife with transport, but gently reproved her for condemning the world in general for this proof which she had met from an individual, of depravity of heart. He assured her, the world was just as good as it had been for many generations; that he minded neither the ridicule nor the commendations of the multitude; that he would neither be laughed nor sneered out of his humanity; and was determined to rest satisfied with being aspersed or condemned, so long as his own heart acquitted him.

C H A P. VI.

The Character of the Reverend Mr. Goldwyn ; interspersed with some of his unfashionable Sentiments.

MR. GOLDWYN, who was not more than forty years of age, united with the true christian the man of learning and politeness. His person was pleasing : he had been blessed with a liberal education, in the obtaining which his mind had never been corrupted by the example of his gay companions. He had mixed with people of rank, and by so doing had acquired the easy and graceful manners of a man of fashion, and that without forfeiting the purity of his heart, degrading his principles, or the nobleness of his sentiments, by a mean servility, or sacrificing his sincerity to his interest ; yet never obstinate in his opinions,

nions, unless he was satisfied, beyond the least shadow of doubt, they had truth and justice on their side to support them.

A patron of his father's had, in a twelvemonth after his taking orders, presented him with the living of S*****, worth about four hundred pounds *per annum*; and Mrs. Goldwyn bringing him a genteel fortune, he found himself blessed with an income that placed him above all servile dependance, and enabled him to indulge the generous propensities of a most benevolent mind.

To oblige some of his most particular friends, he had been persuaded to become tutor to six young gentlemen, for whose board and instruction he was paid more liberally than he wished or desired. But no entreaties whatever could prevail upon him to increase the number of his pupils, though he had been often and much importuned to do so: therefore a vacancy was always waited for with impatience, by those friends who wished to place their children under his care.

Mr. Goldwyn determined that he would himself become the instructor of Olivia, and by so doing, endeavour to implant all the gentle virtues in the innocent bosom of his fair ward. A learned lady, he knew, would not only be ridiculed by the men, but shunned and feared by her own sex : yet he determined to pay the strictest attention to the improvement of her understanding, and the forming her mind and morals ; and hoped, by carefully avoiding extremes, she might be a sensible, agreeable companion to either sex, and an honour to her own. Mrs. Goldwyn, who was an accomplished woman, readily agreed to take her share in a task, which was already become her most pleasing employment, and by that means help to increase the small portion her parents had left her, by saving the expences of a boarding-school education, which must unavoidably have wasted it materially.

Such was the blameless tenor of the life of this truly good and pious parish-priest, that he enforced upon the minds of his pupils

pils and parishioners his precepts by his own steady practice of them. He considered them all as his family, and was tenderly anxious to guide them in the path which led to happiness. He advised and comforted the unfortunate, comforted the afflicted, relieved the distressed, and would not forsake or neglect the abandoned : — those he could not reform he was never heard to condemn.

He took the utmost pains to prevail upon his neighbours and friends to impress an early piety upon the minds of their children, assuring them it was laying the most secure foundation for their being good men, true christians, useful citizens, or virtuous women ; the best and surest guard against vice and folly. He was of opinion, that if real piety was implanted in the heart, it would rarely fail to direct the conduct aright ; it would inspire fortitude, impress the soft influence of hope, and render the mind easy and resigned amidst the storms and adversities of life ; keep the soul serene and

placid, though the body it inhabited should be tortured with the severest pangs of affliction.

He ascribed the depravity of the youth of both sexes to the pernicious influence of bad example, and the unpardonable neglect of parents and tutors : nor could he think how any excuse or pretence could lead people to reconcile their conscience to such a flagrant neglect of duty, as not to plant in the young mind that root from which all virtues are known to spring.

He was of opinion, that lessons of virtue and morality, properly and timely given, would never have such sovereign influence as in the days of youth, the heart being then more susceptible of impression, and the attention being at full liberty to be caught by the captivating voice of truth ; neither pride, vanity, sordidness, or ambition, to impede its benign progress, or disguise the unadorned beauty of virtue ; which must ever be the case of those who want to
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hear instruction when encompassed with the snares of dissipation, immersed in the business of life, or surrounded by its numerous and trying cares.

But let not any one, from this small trait of the good man's character, conclude he was morose or unsocial; far otherwise: he was as much distinguished for an even and cheerful temper, as for his exemplary piety. He encouraged every innocent amusement, visited amongst his neighbours; and his presence, instead of being any restraint upon the young and gay, served to increase their satisfaction and liveliness. He never failed to remember, that youth was the proper season to be cheerful and happy; and as he never forgot having been young himself, he was not displeased with others for being so.

C H A P. VII.

*Some farther Account of Olivia and her
Companions.*

HAPPILY placed under the care of two such worthy and amiable characters, our young heroine soon ceased to weep the loss of her departed parents, and, in a very few years, lost all painful, though she ever retained a respectful remembrance of them.

She met with nothing but the kindest indulgence which the tenderest affection could bestow,—under the direction of judgment, guided by sensibility and love.

She regarded Mr. Goldwyn as the best of fathers and of men, and revered and looked up to him as a being superior to the rest of mankind. A single moment of his displeasure was always sufficient
punish-

punishment for any fault she unwarily committed; and his smile of approbation the highest reward she was ambitious to receive, when her attention to his instructions, and improvement from them, deserved commendation.

Mrs. Goldwyn she loved as the most tender and affectionate of mothers; for such she in every instance found her. She copied her manners, adopted her sentiments, and was never more happy than by repaying her tender attention by every mark of genuine fondness, and by rendering herself useful to her benefactress, whenever she could steal an opportunity of being so. If a cloud was seen on the brow of her beloved mother (for so she always called Mrs. Goldwyn) her cheerfulness instantly forsook her: nor did a tear ever steal from her eye, but it was instantly followed by a number from her own. Gratitude and benevolence were by the hand of nature planted in her soul, and as yet the only inmates of her bosom.

Her

Her heart, which was under the dominion of the most lively sensibility, met with few trials in this delightful period of her life, to convince her, or warn others, that we may cherish even a virtue till it becomes a weakness, and renders us unable to encounter the various vicissitudes of life with a proper degree of fortitude. Alas! much misery does the too feeling heart entail upon its possessor!

By the time Olivia had reached her fifteenth year, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn were become the happy parents of five children: but the increase of their family lessened neither their attention nor attachment to the child of their adoption; and, from their behaviour, a stranger would have concluded that Olivia was the favourite daughter of these fond parents. Mr. Goldwyn, by the increase of his family, found sufficient employment for all hours; for he still continued to take six pupils, and, at this period of our history, two of them had been with him near seven years: they were a year older than

Miss

Miss Elford, and had been educated with her from the first of their arrival at Mr. Goldwyn's. One of them was the youngest son of Lord Davenport; the other heir to a very large estate, being the only son of a Mr. Vane, who lived wholly at a country-seat he had on the borders of Monmouthshire.

As these two young gentlemen will be particularly concerned in the remaining pages of these memoirs, it will be necessary to give some account of them, and draw a sketch of their characters.

Young Davenport had a face and person formed to please, an address and easy gracefulness that could not fail to charm; added to which, a softness in his manner that was particularly captivating, and his temper remarkably sweet and engaging. Without studying to attain them by the rules of Chesterfield, he possessed the graces; politeness of manners, with every acquired accomplishment, and a mind in which all the virtues of his preceptor might be said to dwell.

Mr.

Mr. Vane, with fewer personal attractions, had likewise fewer mental ones. His person was robust, his countenance manly ; but his features wanted not only beauty, but expression ; his manners were rough, and his amusements cruel, for which he was often reproved by the gentle and timid Olivia. But had he been endued with the address and interesting sensibility of Davenport, he would have wanted his manner and person to render it pleasing. Young as he was, he gave early specimens of being too much attached to the libertine principles and fashionable levities of dissipated unthinking youth. Proud, vindictive, suspicious and designing, he had art enough to conceal his own sentiments, whilst he easily discovered those of his more artless companions.

But however differently marked the character of these two young men, there had ever been a steady friendship subsisting between them—to which Love gave the first interruption, and in the end
turned

turned it to the most pointed and determined enmity. Both had beheld the blooming charms of Olivia with the eyes of fond partiality and growing affection. Both (regardless of consequences, and without considering the impropriety of forming such a connection, or the ill effects the completion of it might be attended with, by the displeasure of their friends, who undoubtedly formed higher views for them) had determined in their own minds to obtain the object of their wishes ; and from the moment they discovered they had a rival in each other, their long, their promised friendship was at an end. Circumstanced however, as they were, under the watchful and penetrating eye of their worthy tutor, their enmity was cautiously and guardedly concealed. So artfully the mask of civility was worn, that no one in the family suspected their designs.

Olivia had long been accustomed to receive every proof of attention and politeness from her two youthful companions :

nions : they were ever ready to assist her in her English lessons, translating her French, or getting through with the most difficult part of her music ; and whilst Olivia made quick improvement in knowledge, the desire of being able to assist in instructing their lovely companion, was a means of making her two lovers emulous in their endeavours to excel each other in the improvement of themselves.

Two or three years passed over without the least suspicion arising in the mind of Olivia, that either of her companions was actuated, in their unceasing endeavours to oblige her, from any other motive than their general desire to please ; and in this happy delusion we will for the present leave her : for as yet her heart had not given her a single alarm, that it was in danger of being led into captivity.

Happy period of unsuspicious youth ! when the mind is fully occupied in useful improvement ! before guilt, misfortune, or imprudence, has thrown a gloomy shade

shade over any of its enjoyments ! before suspicion has found entrance to the heart, or a knowledge of the world shewn us how much we have to fear from the designs of each other !

Thus carefully guarded by the watchful attention of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, her mind fortified by their virtuous precepts, and still more prevailing example, my readers may think there is little room to fear but Olivia's conduct will be without blame.—In this place, therefore, it may be necessary to remind such sanguine observers, that Olivia was not yet sixteen ; that she was unfortunately possessed of the tenderest heart, and the liveliest sensibility ; that she knew nothing of the world, and therefore supposed every heart as free from guile, as honest, and undesigning, as her own.

Neither Mr. or Mrs. Goldwyn had as yet said any thing to her about the duplicity and artifices of the other sex, or given a single hint, that she might possibly find in an admirer a treacherous foe.

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The truth was, they imagined her extreme youth a present security from the designs of men, and therefore deferred giving any hints on the subject, till chance, inclination, or necessity, should either oblige them to be separated, or any other accidental circumstance render caution necessary.

They wished Olivia to consider herself as a girl as long as possible, well knowing that the most dangerous consequences often arise from permitting girls to ape the woman too soon : — and my readers, I trust, will be of the same opinion, if they have ever observed the folly of it, by seeing the appearance of the woman disgraced by the playful simplicity of the leading-string girl. It may likewise be right to remind them, that such an early transformation makes the season of youth short, and entails upon them a long, tiresome, and too often contemptible, old age.

C H A P. VIII.

A Love-Scene.

ALAS! it is, or ought to be lamented, that too much sensibility is often the portion of the weaker sex; yet such is its fascinating, its irresistible power, we are too apt to encourage its progress. The tear of pity so well adorns the cheek of beauty, and so much softens the heart of the attentive observer, we cannot frown on the chrystal messenger.—If such a gentle inmate of the soul as sensibility, by being cherished and indulged, becomes an enemy, what may we not have to fear from the encroachments of the passions! If, instead of servants, we permit them in our unguarded hours to become our masters, we are, of all creatures, the most wretched, it being so very difficult a
matter

matter ever to reduce them into their proper stations.

Olivia had now reached her sixteenth year ; and being within a few days of the vacation, Mr. Goldwyn's pupils had begun to make preparations to leave their tutor, in order to spend a few weeks with their parents. Every heart was filled with the pleasing expectation of relaxation and pleasure, except those of Davenport and Vane. — To leave Olivia was a reflection attended with more pain than the pleasure of seeing their parents, or the delights of liberty could repay ; and the five weeks of absence appeared like so many ages in the ardent minds of these enamoured lovers. Not so with Olivia : she heard of their departure without emotion, because she suspected not that their absence would be painful to her, or their return necessary to her happiness ; but the hour was nearly arrived that first served to convince her she was more interested in the favour of one of them than she imagined. Secure of daily seeing the object to whom she

She had innocently given her heart, and accustomed to his most flattering and tender attentions, she thought not of the future; nor had a single apprehension of being separated for ever from the object of her affections yet arisen to torment her.

In one of the pleasantest days of summer, Olivia, after finishing her morning's employment, took her hat and gloves, and strolled into the garden, to indulge herself with a walk, beneath the shade of her favourite trees, which grew in the most retired part of it, near a summer-house wherein Mr. Goldwyn often gave his pupils a little treat, if their conduct had been such as merited reward. When Olivia had reached the summer-house, she determined to step in for a moment, that, from one of the windows, she might take a view of the adjoining fields. She flew up the steps, and, hastily opening the door, perceived young Davenport earnestly reading a letter. She was instantly going to withdraw, that she might not interrupt

interrupt his attention, when he, looking up to see who had broke in upon his retirement, discovered to her view a face as pale as death, eyes drowned in tears, and an agitation too uncommon not to be noticed by her. Astonishment, for a moment, fixed her motionless to the spot she stood upon; but compassion soon got the better of her surprize. With a voice softened by tenderness, she eagerly enquired the occasion of that grief and distress so visibly painted in the face of her favourite companion, and acknowledged friend.—Davenport, thus anxiously and gently interrogated, without reserve, confessed to the fair Olivia, that a letter from his father had involved him in the most exquisite distress; for he had hinted to him his intention of removing him to some other place after the vacation; and, unless he altered his present plan, he should return no more to Mr. Goldwyn's.—Olivia's countenance now betrayed a visible alteration. No longer her eyes beamed with cheerfulness, or her bosom felt

felt at ease. Unable to account for the severity of her feelings, she, in a moment, endeavoured to recover herself. After attempting to assume an air of cheerfulness, Olivia, in faltering accents, enquired why he was so unhappy, from receiving an account which he had more than once said he expected; and as he must go to one of the universities to finish his studies, she wondered such a determination should give him so much concern. Davenport looked at her, for a moment, with the most impassioned tenderness; but, at the same time, with eyes that seemed to wish they could penetrate into the recesses of her soul: — when hastily throwing himself at her feet, Pardon, he cried; pardon me, dear Olivia, the unauthorized confession I am going to make to you! — pardon likewise my earnest request, that you will confine my secret to your own bosom. — Olivia, equally affected and surprized at the strangeness and novelty of this scene, a stranger to the power of love, and fearless of its numerous snares,

unexperienced and unsuspicious, flattered too by the confidence that was so eagerly wished to be entrusted to her, promised upon her word and honour, never to betray that confidence; never to let any one steal the secret from her lips. — Davenport, thus far successful, hesitated not one moment to confess that he loved — loved her to distraction; that he had long cherished the tenderest affection for her in his heart; and that to be separated from her would be worse than death. — Olivia was now an object deserving compassion; confused, and but too sensible at this trying moment, that she felt for Davenport much more than she ought to acknowledge, her bosom was in an instant agitated with contending conflicts. She stole a look at Davenport; and her eyes told him, that whilst she had promised to conceal the secret of another, they were too ready to betray her own. Her emotion, gentleness, and tears, discovered to the enraptured youth but too plainly, that he had no reason to despair; and
before

before they parted, a mutual interchange of promises and vows passed between them. — Alas ! ill fated maid ! that rash promise of secrecy was the source of many distresses : — a truth which plainly inculcates the sincerity of that lesson, That neither youth, beauty, or innocence can insure felicity, if prudence for one moment is permitted to be off her guard. 'Tis that wise monitor that should seal the doors of our lips, and maintain supreme authority in the direction of our actions. — The fear of being surprized, compelled the two lovers to separate immediately ; and they so well recovered and guarded their looks, that they passed unnoticed by the family when they met at dinner.

From this time the affection mutually discovered, and artlessly confessed, every hour that encreased. Olivia felt many a pang of remorse, at being drawn to keep from her generous guardian so important a secret as the having disposed of her heart without his sanction : but the dread

of being separated for ever from her beloved Edward, conquered her reluctance to conceal this affair from Mr. Goldwyn. Her resolution was likewise strengthened by Davenport, who told her, that the first moment of his father's knowing his attachment, would be the last of his seeing her; as he doubted not but banishment, not only from her but his native country, would follow such a discovery. Mr. Goldwyn, he knew, would be equally averse to conceal their secret, as his father would be to his forming an unequal connection; and in this he strictly adhered to the truth; for Lord Davenport was proud, vindictive, and unfeeling: having married, to gratify the ambition of his parents, a young lady to whom he was indifferent, he had never experienced the unbounded influence which love will sometimes hold over the human heart; and therefore, by being a stranger to its power, he was the less likely to make allowances for the attachments of youth.— Lord Davenport was not only very rich,
but

but very fordid, and ambitious of aggrandizing his family, by forming noble and splendid alliances for them; and, as he had only two sons and one daughter, it alone depended on their own perverse inclinations to disappoint his aspiring views. His eldest son was, unhappily for our lover, the idol of his parents; therefore, as he never had but a moderate share of his father's affection, he had the less to hope for from his indulgence.

Davenport did not mention to Mr. Goldwyn the having received any intelligence from his father, of his intention to remove him; determining in his own mind to make use of every art and persuasion with his father, to let him remain some time longer under the care of Mr. Goldwyn; and it was the hope of succeeding in this design that reconciled him to a temporary absence from Olivia. Many and poignant, however, were the pangs they felt at parting. A thousand vows of eternal constancy preceded their separation; and it greatly served to con-

sole them, that, true and tender as their attachment was, it was known only to themselves; which led them to hope no one would form the cruel design of separating them for ever.

In this they were mistaken. Mr. Vane, who was mentioned in one of the former pages, as being likewise attached to Olivia, had, with a penetrating and jealous eye, watched all their proceedings: he had observed their looks with too careful attention not to know they conveyed some meaning with them: he had seen Olivia pale and agitated, when for any little inadvertency or neglect Davenport incurred the displeasure of Mr. Goldwyn: and likewise had observed the smile of returning content, if a reconciliation took place. He likewise knew that Davenport had searched the country round, to procure Olivia a beautiful bird, because she lamented the loss of one she had long been possessed of, and which died on the bosom of its mistress, after some years captivity. He envied Davenport that
graceful

graceful person and elegance of manners, which he feared served to deprive him of the heart he hoped to gain. He wished he could have persuaded every one to believe, that the sweetness of Davenport's temper, the generous compassion of his nature, and the rectitude of his conduct, were merely the effects of art, assumed only to deceive: but after many fruitless attempts, he gave up that design, determining however to be watchful in discovering what should pass between them, in order to betray their secret to Mr. Goldwyn at a convenient opportunity; and rested his own hopes of success on the death of his father, which had been for many months expected, he being very old and infirm. He was an only child, heir to a very noble estate; and therefore concluded, that if he publicly offered himself and fortune to Olivia, her friends would not suffer her to refuse him. The desire of rivalling and disappointing Davenport, even tempted him to wish that his father's death would give him the

glorious opportunity of acknowledging the passion which he had long cherished in his bosom; sensible that he should then have every advantage over his rival, with whose situation respecting the ambitious designs of his father, and his fears of disobliging him, he had long been acquainted. If Davenport was happy in the fond belief that Olivia returned his love, and would never be persuaded to renounce him, Vane was not less satisfied with the prospect of soon having it in his power to convince him, that his hopes would be disappointed. Olivia, gentle, believing, susceptible, and virtuous, had many disagreeable conflicts to sustain:—on the eve of being separated from her lover, though she had no doubts of his constancy, yet she feared he might not return: and if he did, then she had deceived Mr. Goldwyn—she must continue to deceive him, or give up the dear object of her affections. Satisfied, however, that she could not do that, she endeavoured to affect a reconciliation with
with

with herself, by throwing the blame on that imperceptible, that irresistible passion, which had stolen, without suspicion, into her heart to enslave it; and she relied on the goodness of Mr. Goldwyn to excuse the involuntary crime, if ever he should discover it.

The lovers, on the day of separation, were however prudent enough to avoid a formal parting, fearing that their emotion should betray their secret: they therefore took leave of each other, without any one but the too observing Vane having the least suspicion of their mutual attachment. No sooner had Davenport and his companions left the happy mansion of Mr. Goldwyn, than Olivia, after shedding some tears in private, for the absence of her lover, found her usual serenity and peace returning to her soul. She almost wished, in her hours of serious reflection, that Davenport might not return. She trembled at the thought of deceiving Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn still farther; and by a clandestine connection perhaps involve them

in trouble, by bringing the displeasure of Lord Davenport upon them.—And in these intervals, when the voice of reason was heard, when prudence and reflection were suffered to remonstrate, she saw all the danger and folly of her conduct. She lamented the happiness she might be tempted to forfeit, by continuing this clandestine acquaintance. What reason could she have to hope that the haughty, the ambitious Lord Davenport would ever accept for his daughter a poor, an unknown orphan; one who was indebted, in some degree, to the charity of Mr. Goldwyn for her education, and to him alone for protection? On beauty she had been taught to set no value; therefore on what could she depend? The partiality and constancy of a young man, who had seen nothing of the world, was not his own master, and who might meet with a thousand women more amiable than herself! Alas! these reflections were succeeded by others more flattering, consequently more pleasing. Davenport had
long

long loved her, and given her numerous proofs of his affection : she was the first, the voluntary choice of his heart ; a heart, the goodness of which no one doubted. From his infancy he had been a strict observer of his word ; and every promise he made he held sacred. Could he then begin to practise deceit with her, whom he most loved ? It was, she thought, as impossible, as she now found it was for her either to forget him, or cease to love him.

Every object she saw served to remind her of her absent lover. She frequented his favourite walks, visited his deserted apartment, gathered the flowers he had most admired, caressed his dog, read his books, dwelt on those passages she had heard him repeat, and, though absent from him, saw him in every thing ;—and, what served to increase this wild enthusiasm of affection, she frequently heard his praises from every one of the family ; for the sweetness of Davenport's disposition had made him the general favourite.

C H A P. IX.

A Friendship commenced.

DURING the absence of Davenport, Olivia became acquainted with a young lady, who was on a visit to one of the neighbouring families. Her name was Pelham. She was of a good family, had been brought up genteelly, and, by having lived chiefly in London, had seen a good deal of the world. She was genteel, lovely, and though not a regular beauty, was reckoned by the generality of people a pretty woman. She had not been many days at Mr. Creswell's before a visit between Mr. Goldwyn's family and Mr. Creswell's, introduced Olivia to Miss Pelham. The young ladies appeared mutually pleased with each other; and Mr. Goldwyn gave the fair stranger a general invitation to his house during her stay in
the

the country. Mr. Creswell had a large family—lived upon his own estate, which he farmed, and by so doing, was enabled to bring up his children very genteelly.— Fanny Creswell, his eldest daughter, had long been acquainted with Olivia — was frequently at Mr. Goldwyn's, and had been much improved by being oftentimes with her friend, when she received the lessons and instructions of her parental tutor ; and as Mrs. Goldwyn, by the increase of her family, found her domestic employments likewise much augmented, she encouraged Olivia's intimacy with Miss Creswell, that she might have a female friend to walk and converse with in her leisure hours. — These friendly neighbours often met ; and frequently the young people danced, acted plays, or repeated select pieces of poetry — which served to improve whilst it amused their minds.

Eliza Pelham became very fond of Olivia, and took every opportunity of being with her : she admired the natural
sweet-

sweetness of her disposition, felt no envy at the superiority of her understanding, and, what was still more to be wondered at, enjoyed a pleasure when she looked upon, or heard any one praise, the beauty of her person. Olivia was indeed a most elegant figure. Her face would bear the strictest examination; her teeth were small, white, and even; added to which, the graceful ease of her manners rendered her universally pleasing. Eliza would often laugh at Olivia for the gravity of her disposition, and fondness of retirement. She enquired, if it was Love that had reconciled her to solitude and reflection? told her, that unless she was much mistaken, she should discover her favourite shepherd in some of her rural walks; and, if she did not find he answered her high-raised expectations, she would insist on her recalling her vagrant heart, in order to give it to one who should more deserve the valuable deposit. Olivia only answered the raillery of her friend with sighs and blushes. Eliza, confirmed in
her

her opinion by Olivia's confusion, determined to make the discovery, if possible; but finding the subject made her uneasy, confined her suspicions to her own bosom. She however felt herself uneasy; was fearful that Olivia's youth and inexperience might be led into error by so early an attachment; and as she had never heard of Olivia's having a lover, she concluded it must likewise be a secret one. Miss Pelham was several years older than her companion, had seen more of the world, and had been courted, followed, and admired. She had once, with the approbation of her parents, accepted the addresses of a gentleman much her superior in fortune, and, after every thing had been settled for her becoming a wife, disappointed: Her lover saw a lady he liked better, and left her to wear the willow. However, luckily for Eliza, her heart had not been deeply wounded; and the resolution with which she supported her disappointment, did her, in the opinion of her friends, the greatest honour; many

many of whom gave her the title of The Fair Philosopher. This disappointment had, however, given Miss Pelham a mean opinion and distrust of the whole sex; and she wished to guard all she loved from being exposed to the same danger. She knew that had she loved with that violence and romantic enthusiasm so natural to her sex, she should not so soon have been able to regain her peace and cheerfulness.

She soon discovered the uncommon share of sensibility which Olivia possessed, and knew the beauty of her person would render that sensibility the more dangerous. In an hour of cheerful unreserve, she told her young friend of her recent disappointment, with all its mortifying and aggravating circumstances:—a rare example of humility, sincerity, and good-humour, in so young and fair a girl!—But Eliza Pelham had neither pride nor envy in her nature; her mind had never been tainted by either of those corroding passions, but had been carefully guarded, by a virtuous and prudent mother, against
those

those dangerous enemies to our peace.— She had been accustomed to receive the admiration of the men, and had heard their flattering tales with complacency; but, since her disappointment, she had listened without believing them; and, as in this instance before us, gave a proof she could feel a sincere attachment to a woman more handsome and pleasing than herself.

C H A P. X.

Various Conflicts.

THE time was now arrived for the return of Mr. Goldwyn's pupils.— Olivia, in spite of her utmost efforts to conquer them, felt in her bosom the most alarming fears lest Davenport should not return. She had heard no tidings of him during his absence: she knew he durst not write to her; nor could she have received

ceived a letter without its making the discovery they dreaded to have known.— Vane arrived at Mr. Goldwyn's in high spirits, notwithstanding he left his father in a state that presaged his seeing him no more: two servants accompanied him; and the carriage was loaded with presents to Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn; nor was Olivia forgotten. He presented her with a most beautiful paroquet, and the prettiest little dog that money could purchase. Olivia received these presents with modest reluctance, but durst not refuse them; for Mr. Goldwyn felt more pleasure at the attention which Vane paid to his fair charge, than at all the civilities which he had shewn to himself. Vane took the earliest opportunity of redoubling his assiduities to please the object of his regard; and whilst the absence of Davenport filled the gentle bosom of Olivia with inexpressible anguish, it had a contrary effect on the mind of her companion, who, after arriving a week before his rival, began seriously to think he would
no

no more return, and the prize would be his own, without any farther difficulties being thrown in his way, as he knew the death of his father would leave him entirely at liberty to please his own inclination as to the choosing a companion for life ; and being perfectly satisfied Mr. Goldwyn was too much interested in the fate of Olivia, not to be gratified and delighted by so flattering an establishment being offered to her acceptance.

The unexpected arrival of Davenport, a few days after this, though it disappointed and mortified him, at seeing so formidable a rival return to dispute the prize, divested him not of hope ; and he concealed his chagrin and malice under the mask of joy and satisfaction, hoping this change in his behaviour would deceive the unsuspecting heart of Davenport, and that he should again be admitted to his confidence and friendship. But in this hope he was likewise disappointed ; for Davenport suspected his design, and carefully guarded himself against

gainst his treachery. He knew that Vane admired Olivia; and although he had never confessed that he loved her, a thousand incidents had discovered his passion.

Olivia was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn when Davenport unexpectedly arrived. Her cheeks were in an instant covered with blushes, and her tongue faltered when she attempted to welcome him to S———. Our hero was far less embarrassed; and his eyes and tongue both united to declare the unaffected joy of his heart, at being returned to his friends. Mr. Goldwyn, unacquainted with the real cause of this apparent satisfaction, was pleased and gratified by the joy his pupil shewed, pressed him to his heart, called him his dear boy, his amiable friend; nor would he that evening suffer him to leave them, only just to speak to his young companions who had arrived before him.

'Tis not to be doubted but our young lovers now sighed for an opportunity to
speak

ſpeak to each other without any witneſſes ; and that very evening chance afforded them the bliſſful moment. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn were called out of the room to ſome people, who came about buſineſs which required being immediately ſettled : their children were gone to bed : no one remained in the room but the lovers. Davenport threw himſelf at the feet of Olivia, ſnatched her hand to his lips, the tear of rapture trembled in his manly eye, and his heart beat with a tumult of delight. Olivia was little leſs affected, but concealed her feelings with the moſt artleſs mask that modeſty could wear. She raiſed her lover from the ground, and ſcrupled not to confeſs that the preſent moment amply repaid her for the many anxious hours ſhe had paſſed during his abſence. No time was to be loſt ; he inſtantly informed her, that he had met with great difficulty in perſuading his father to permit his return : but that, on his telling him he had made choice of the army for his future deſtination,

nation, he instantly determined on his finishing his education with Mr. Goldwyn, as it would be attended with so much less expence : a circumstance of great weight in the mind of this fordid parent, who at the same time spared no expence on the education of his eldest son. He had written to Mr. Goldwyn, to inform him of his intentions, and acquainted him likewise that he intended his son for the army ; and relied on his care, abilities, and attention, to inspire him with such sentiments, and to instil such principles, as would make him a humane and brave soldier, and an honour to his profession.—Luckily for Davenport, his father could not have fixed on one more proper than Mr. Goldwyn. Under his paternal roof his pupils had every desirable advantage, without the danger of bad example. Every pupil he took knew, if they continued to act wrong, they would be sent to their parents with disgrace, and suffered to return no more : and Mr. Goldwyn never but
once

once experienced the disagreeable necessity of parting with one.

But to return to our happy lovers.— Though Davenport had not, like Vane, brought with him a number of presents, he had given his Olivia one that was far more valuable, a miniature of himself. It was not set in gold, nor decorated with diamonds; but it was a striking likeness, and that rendered the present invaluable. She sometimes wore it in her pocket, often next her heart, where the likeness was indelibly engraved; and from which, neither time, misfortune, cruelty, nor injustice could ever erase the impression of the dear original.

Many succeeding months had fled away on the downy pinions of uninterrupted happiness. The art which Vane made use of to betray the secret of their attachment failed him; in vain did the friendly Miss Pelham attempt to discover who was the favourite of Olivia's heart; yet she knew, beyond a doubt, that Olivia loved, and that she loved with a sincerity and fervency

vency which was truly alarming, if the object should prove unworthy. On a summons from her parents she prepared to leave Mr. Cresswell's : She parted from Olivia with unaffected regret ; but contented herself with giving her a few general hints, and friendly cautions : and the fair friends promised to keep up a regular correspondence ; to which promise they strictly adhered.

In the moments of uninterrupted happiness, how apt are the old and cautious to forget the future ! no wonder then that youth and inexperience should fall into the like error. Davenport and Olivia saw each other every hour, conversed, walked, and studied together ; stole a thousand delicious hours to tell each other that every moment, every circumstance, only served to encrease their mutual attachment. The greatest alloy to Olivia's felicity was, that she discovered Davenport had a jealousy in his disposition that alarmed her timid apprehensions ; but which chiefly originated from the insinuations

finuations of Vane. He first betrayed it at seeing her caress the little dog which Vane had presented to her, and saw it renewed by the praises she lavished on her paroquet. Fearful of giving pain to the youth she loved, she no longer expressed any fondness for her unsuspecting favourites, and by that means still farther alarmed the watchful and suspicious Vane, who too carefully observed all her actions to let one pass unnoticed.

C H A P. XI.

Two Disagreeable Surprises.

AN unexpected event was, however, very near discovering a secret which they had concealed with so much care and circumspection. Davenport frequently amused himself with his dog and his gun; and as it was an exercise conducive

to health, Mr. Goldwyn never prevented his enjoying that pleasure at those times set apart for amusement and relaxation from study. One day he went out, unaccompanied by any one but the youngest of his companions, and in a few hours was brought home bleeding, pale, and to all appearance dying, by some countrymen, who had been called to his assistance by the cries of his companion. The barrel of his gun had burst in his hand, and a piece of it was driven some way into his arm; the anguish of which occasioned his appearing in so alarming a situation.—Olivia, at sight of him gave a piercing shriek, and dropt senseless from her chair. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, equally alarmed at both Olivia and her Lover, summoned more help, and had them conveyed to their separate apartments. They sent for an eminent surgeon to Davenport: as to Olivia, they imputed her fainting entirely to that exquisite sensibility which they had long known she possessed, and which they had vainly

vainly endeavoured in some degree to subdue.

Davenport, after undergoing the painful operation of having the piece of the gun-barrel taken from his arm, was very soon able to leave his apartment; and Olivia's heart was restored to tranquillity. Not so was Vane: he had heard from the servants of the accident Davenport had met with during his absence, and likewise the effect it had on Olivia. Though Mr. Goldwyn, and the rest of the family, imputed it to the gentle benevolence of her nature, *he* knew that it proceeded from a different and far more alarming cause; and from that moment he determined to be doubly watchful of their proceedings; for he doubted not but they made use of some of the opportunities thrown in their way to meet privately.

After Davenport was restored to health, Vane observed that he frequently stole out by himself for a ramble, sometimes in a morning before the family met in the breakfast-room. He likewise knew that

Olivia was often absent at the same time, either on pretence to feed her birds, look at her poultry, or visit a sick neighbour. After watching some days, he discovered them walking in a grove, about a quarter of a mile from the house. He saw Davenport put her hand to his lips—saw Olivia smile on his rival.—This scene planted a thousand daggers in his soul.—He knew this was not a time to make known the discovery, because he had no one to confirm his suspicions, and he was certain, that Mr. Goldwyn had at present only considered the attachment between his pupils to be of that childish nature which is produced by a similarity of tempers and dispositions. A few days after, he ventured to slip the following lines into a book of Olivia's, which he knew she alone would open, and at the time of doing so, he was satisfied she durst not mention the circumstance. — All he hoped, therefore, from her seeing the lines was, that it would prevent her privately meeting her lover in future : nor had it passed unobserved

observed by Vane, that Olivia never caressed either the dog or bird he had presented her, when Davenport was present.

LINES *which VANE put into OLIVIA's Book.*

'T WAS in the Summer's early prime,
When gentlest zephyrs play,
Olivia wak'd to seek the grove,
And hail the god of day.
The flow'rs spontaneous bloom'd around,
And dew-drops careless hung;
May-morn appear'd with all her charms:
The birds in concert sung.

Young Strephon feign'd the maid to love,
And told his plaintive tale;
She smil'd, she sigh'd, she blush'd to hear
Th' inconstant of the vale.
But ah! her blushes serv'd to shew
She felt Love's subtle dart;
Nor shunn'd the youth, nor strove to hide
The weakness of her heart.

On this same morn the shepherd rose
To find a vagrant lamb,
Which in the night had left the fold;
Forsook its bleating dam.

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He saw Olivia cross the plain ;
The harmless lamb forgot,
And from that hour the haughty swain
Proclaims his happy lot.

Amidst the blushing smiles of Spring,
Thy lover fly with care,
More dang'rous than the pointed sting
Beneath the flow'ry snare.

Olivia, fly th' alluring tongue
Which means thee sad dismay ;
Shun artful Strephon, or despair
Will cloud each future day.

To describe Olivia's astonishment at reading these alarming lines, would be impossible : she immediately guessed it must be Vane who had put them in her book : she durst not, however, say a word of the deposit he had made to alarm and distress her ; but by her confusion and blushes, she told the writer that she had seen them, as he expected. Had Vane known more of the human heart, he would then have known that he was taking the very steps most likely to disappoint himself of what he eagerly wished to obtain ; for seldom can we bring ourselves

selfes to like the person who is the means of alarming, disappointing, or giving us pain.

From that moment she considered Vane as a spy upon her actions ; and no longer wondered at the jealousy of Davenport. Rendered cautious and observing, she insisted on her lover's being more upon his guard for the future, and to seek fewer opportunities of meeting her in private : but she cautiously avoided telling him that she had any other motive for this injunction, than the fear of creating suspicions in the bosom of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn. Matters continued thus circumstanced many succeeding months. Another vacation arrived, at the conclusion of which the parties again met, without material alteration in any of their affairs. Vane's father still lived. Lord Davenport only waited for an opportunity of purchasing a commission for his son ; which was to terminate his studies.—Olivia regularly corresponded with Miss Pelham ; from whom she received many

lively and entertaining epistles, with a few gentle reproaches for continuing to treat her with reserve : for though Olivia had confessed her heart was not entirely at her own disposal, yet she never had dared to entrust her with the dearest secret of that heart, or ventured to hint the name of its present possessor. — But the important secret, on which depended the happiness and misery of all her future life, was on the eve of being discovered.

C H A P. XII.

The Pleasure of a happy Party destroyed.

O L I V I A had now reached her eighteenth year : Davenport was turned of nineteen. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn had always celebrated the birth-days of their children and pupils with some little treat
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of wine, fruit, cakes, &c. therefore it is not to be supposed Olivia's was ever forgotten.—The parties were all assembled, after being joined by the Miss Creswells, and some other young ladies. Davenport had just asked the favour of Olivia's hand (for these lively and innocent treats generally concluded with a dance) when he was told, one of his father's servants was arrived, with letters for him and Mr. Goldwyn. Alarmed at this circumstance, and trembling with impatience to know the contents, he flew out of the room. He opened the dreaded letter, and too soon discovered that he had not been alarmed without reason. Lord Davenport informed his son, that an opportunity had luckily offered itself, and that he had purchased him a cornetcy of horse, in a regiment just returned from foreign service: that in a few days he must leave Mr. Goldwyn, and commence soldier: that he flattered himself with hopes that he would never disgrace the profession he had chosen, and might de-

pend on his utmost exertions to get him promoted; but that all assistance from him depended on his own conduct, duty, and affection. He concluded with telling his son, that if he acquitted himself as his sanguine hopes led him to expect, he had a very advantageous match in view for him; and that he believed the lady would be ready and willing to take him without giving any extraordinary proofs of courage, as he suspected she wished him shackled before he went abroad; adding, that she had a fortune sufficient to maintain him in ease and splendour, without running the risk of meeting more potent enemies than love and beauty.

Never was mortal so struck with horror as the unfortunate Davenport. Separated from Olivia!—torn from her for life!—a wife proposed to him by his father! that stern father whom he had never yet dared to contradict, or disappoint.—He was certain it was the prospect of this advantageous match which had made his father take so early an opportunity

portunity to purchase him a commission.—Who could the lady be? He had not the slightest knowledge of his family's connections, by which he might be able to unravel this distressing clue.—He had always been treated with such a distant coldness by his parents; and in the few weeks he had for many years passed with them, he had seldom been permitted to join their parties, or make one in any of their engagements. What was to be done? Must he sacrifice the dearest, the fondest wishes of an enamoured heart, to gratify the ambition of his unfeeling parent? Must he leave, leave for ever, his gentle, his adored Olivia?—leave her to disappointment and wretchedness?—He had taken unwearied pains to gain the affection of the lovely girl. He knew she loved him with a passion fervent and sincere as his own; but she was poor and unknown: He had no fortune but what depended on his capricious parent.—Davenport could not move—and was awakened

ened from his reflections by a summons to attend Mr. Goldwyn, who wished to speak with him for a few minutes in his study.

C H A P. XIII.

Distressing Interviews.

DAVENPORT, with slow and trembling steps, obeyed the summons. At any other time he would have flown to his tutor with all the eagerness of youthful attention. Mr. Goldwyn met him at the door of his study; nor did he see his dejected pupil enter without emotion: but observing how much the contents of the letter distressed him, he instantly reassumed a more cheerful aspect. Taking Davenport by the hand, "I am sorry (he began) that the festivity of this evening should be interrupted by the arrival of these letters; but we must arm ourselves with

with resolution, my young friend. We had reason to suppose, the hour was not far distant that must separate us. Most young men wish eagerly for that period which is to make them their own masters, and conclude the confinement and drudgery of the school."—"Then, they have had affectionate parents to receive them," replied Davenport, "who would tenderly direct their future steps, without the stern aspect of despotic authority. With me it is far different.—In you, Sir, I leave a tutor; but I likewise lose a parent more dear, far more dear to my soul, than those which Nature gave me."

Mr. Goldwyn, softened almost to tears by the undisguised affection of his pupil, said every thing which the goodness of his heart could dictate on this disagreeable occasion.—I had intended, said he, to have given you a few general instructions, and to have added a little advice, in respect to your early entrance into the world; but we are both too much softened at this time: we will defer it to
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some future opportunity. Let us return to the happy company we have left, and say nothing of the business that called us from it, lest we destroy the cheerfulness of the evening; for none of them, I believe, will like to part with you.—Davenport acquiesced; only entreated permission to retire to his apartment a few minutes, in order to recover his spirits.—This request was readily granted; and Mr. Goldwyn was soon followed by Davenport. Olivia had promised him her hand for the evening, and only waited his return to begin the dance. She had felt no alarm at Davenport's leaving her, and therefore did not immediately discover the alteration that a few minutes had occasioned:—but the visible dejection which overspread his countenance, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to conceal it, did not long escape the penetrating eyes of Love. She observed that he trembled when he took her out; that he often looked at her with a tender melancholy, sighed frequently, noticed no one but

but herself, and even shewed her a thousand little fond attentions, which he had never ventured to do before in company. She eagerly wished to know, but dared not enquire the cause, lest she herself should be infected with the same melancholy. Olivia looked at Mr. Goldwyn; but seeing he had the same serene aspect as usual, she apprehended it was some little cloud that would soon pass over; and therefore endeavoured, by her own cheerfulness, to enliven her partner. Davenport saw her good-natured design, and his heart felt a thousand redoubled pangs, when he thought how soon he must involve her in affliction: for, however philosophers might argue to the contrary, he was convinced, from his own sad experience, that the trials of the heart required the greatest exertion to support with fortitude. He reflected, too, on the natural weakness and susceptibility of her sex, and concluded, that if she loved as he did, the stroke would not be supportable. How to break it to her
he

he knew not ; yet it could not be concealed : therefore, before they parted, he earnestly requested she would meet him in their favourite grove before the family assembled at breakfast. Olivia reluctantly consented, fearful that the watchful vigilance of Vane should discover them.

In the morning, however, they met ; and Davenport with great difficulty informed her, that in a few days he must leave Mr. Goldwyn ; told her that his father had purchased him a commission ; and, with a thousand vows of eternal constancy, ventured to shew her his father's letter. Olivia now saw all the misery that awaited her, and at the same moment was convinced of the dangerous imprudence of her own conduct. She wished she could have recalled the hours that were past ; and, for the first time, lamented that ever she thought of love. Ten thousand alarming apprehensions took possession of her mind. She saw that the hour was nearly arrived, that would separate her and Davenport for ever ; and she

she felt that the same hour would likewise deprive her of peace and happiness. To conceal the tormenting agonies of her heart was impossible: She burst into a flood of tears, and in a voice of unutterable anguish cried, Is it come to this? Must I see you no more? Are you really going to be another's? And are all the vows you have made to me to be forgotten, and forfeited by the harsh commands of an arbitrary and unfeeling parent?—Can you, cried the distressed Davenport (the blush of indignation having tinged his cheek) suspect me of such baseness, injustice, and duplicity? Unkind Olivia! thus by your fears and suspicions, to increase the heavy burden I have to support.—Olivia, awakened by this reproach to a sense of her own situation, and the injustice of her behaviour, looked at her lover; and the agony expressed in his countenance but too truly informed her, the sufferings of the present moment were equally felt. She held out her hand, in
order

order to solicit a reconciliation ; and her pardon was as quickly sealed as it was required. They embraced ; and a thousand tears were shed, without a single resolution being formed on either side, but that of loving each other, and never forfeiting those vows that had passed between them.

They were obliged to return ; but they returned together : Despair rendered them fearless of consequences. It was now generally known throughout the family, that Davenport was to leave it in a few days ; and every one of them, Vane excepted, was much affected at the thoughts of losing their agreeable companion.

C H A P. XIV.

A Discovery.

OLIVIA's eyes were red and swelled with weeping : Davenport's gave faithful testimony that his feelings were equally acute. Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn silently observed all this ; and, for the first moment of their lives, suspected that something more than a childish attachment must occasion this mutual sorrow. A few minutes served still farther to confirm their suspicions ; for Olivia, after being unable to swallow a morsel of her breakfast, fainted, and Davenport caught the sinking beauty in his arms. This created a general consternation and confusion : every one hastened to her assistance ; but Davenport would not part with his lovely burden : He called loudly for water, and begged they would not surround

surround them, but let Miss Elford have some air. Mr. Goldwyn in a moment recollected a former scene, similar to the present, and was surprised that he had then passed it unnoticed. A thousand fears, a thousand tormenting apprehensions, now arose ; and he sat down in a retired part of the room, silent, dejected, and alarmed.—Olivia recovered ; but, sensible she had betrayed the dearest secret of her soul, she would have been glad that death had rather summoned her for ever from a situation that was become almost insupportable. Mrs. Goldwyn led the blushing Olivia to her chamber ; and, after ordering her servant to watch by her, returned to her astonished husband, who was still sitting in a profound reverie, leaning on a table, with his head upon his hand. Disturbed by her entrance, he arose. My dear, he exclaimed, we have been unthinking, we have been blind and careless : These young people love each other. A thousand proofs of their mutual affection now recur

recur to my remembrance. What is to be done with them? They will be unhappy; but they must be parted: we must endeavour to put an end to this ill-fated attachment; we must arm their minds with fortitude to support a separation. — Unhappy Olivia! imprudent Davenport! — Mrs. Goldwyn, hurt at seeing her husband's distress, wounded too by his self-reproaches, and feeling at the same moment equally hurt at the discovery of this business, endeavoured all she could to lessen his apprehensions; hinted it might be only a childish attachment, which a little time would serve to conquer, and absence obliterate. Mr. Goldwyn cherished no such sanguine hopes: he knew the minds of his pupils too well to form such expectations. All they therefore had to do, was to talk to the parties, and take every step now left in their power to put an end to the connection, and crush every flattering hope which they might otherwise indulge.

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In a few hours Olivia was so well recovered, as to be able to leave her chamber. Davenport had waited with eager impatience her coming down stairs; and no sooner did he hear she was in the parlour, than, regardless of consequences, he flew into the room to enquire how she did. He knew himself the cause of this indisposition, but he suspected not that Mr. Goldwyn thought he was so. He eagerly seized Olivia's hand, and, with joy inexpressible beaming from his eyes, congratulated her on her recovery; telling her in the same moment, how much she had distressed and terrified him.

And I think, said Mr. Goldwyn, who had sat and carefully observed him, you are still under the dominion of some very powerful fears, by the hurry and eagerness of your address to Miss Elford, and the violence of your transports. I never before saw you so much and so soon alarmed.—Olivia was in a moment covered with blushes, then turned pale and trembling with terror.—Davenport, on being thus

thus discovered, dropt the hand of Olivia, and would silently have retired ; but was invited by Mr. Goldwyn to drink tea with him, and after that accompany him to his study, as he had some things he wished to say to him in private, previous to his departure from S——; which was fixed at the short distance of three days.

The lovers, fearful of looking at each other, too much affected to encounter the penetrating eye of Mr. Goldwyn, and apprehensive likewise of discovering a tremulous voice, if they ventured to join in conversation, drank their tea in silence, uncertain what to guess, or what to determine. Olivia, for the first moment of her life, rejoiced at the absence of Davenport ; and when he left the room to accompany Mr. Goldwyn, she hastened to her chamber, and instantly found relief to her agitated mind by being able to weep unobserved. Not long, however, was she alone ; Mrs. Goldwyn followed her ; and finding her in tears, What is
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the meaning, my child, cried Mrs. Goldwyn on discovering Olivia's situation, of these tears, this apparent distress? Why are you unhappy? Speak!—unbosom your heart of its cares:—fear not to find in me a rigid judge ready to condemn, but an affectionate parent, willing and anxious to alleviate or partake in all your sorrows.—Olivia, softened by this truly maternal address, threw herself into the arms of this kind friend——Pardon, oh pardon my past reserve, and for the future govern and direct my thoughts.—Oh! that you could likewise help me to regain the happiness I have justly forfeited by my own imprudence! Already you have discovered my weakness: But can you ever pardon?—I cannot hope to find so much mercy where I deserve punishment. Mr. Goldwyn too—will he ever forgive the deceit I have practised with him? will he ever restore me to favour?—Mrs. Goldwyn, by this time, recovered a greater degree of firmness, and replied, with some resolution—Olivia, you will have

have but little to fear, either from my repentment or Mr. Goldwyn's, if you will deal sincerely with us, and in all your future actions be directed by those whose affection you cannot doubt : but, though you will find us both ready to pardon a first offence, heavy as I fear it is, yet, believe me, a second wilful attempt to deceive us would not be so easily forgiven.

Olivia, without a moment's hesitation (her blushes concealed in the bosom of her maternal friend) confessed her attachment to Davenport, and her having secretly listened to, and accepted, his addresses. She acknowledged too the sovereign dominion he held over every wish of her heart. — Mrs. Goldwyn, again softened by this free confession, and feeling a thousand apprehensions for the future peace of her adopted and beloved daughter, commended her sincerity, without once condemning her conduct ; for she found she had already, in her own bosom, a more inexorable judge than she would find in her. She endeavoured to

sooth her distress, without encouraging either hope or despair, and withdrew to impart to Mr. Goldwyn the success of her visit to Olivia.

In the mean while, he had been employed in much the same manner with Davenport: nor did he find his pupil less ready to confess his attachment, but more resolute in defending it. He told Mr. Goldwyn, he had loved Miss Elford from a child, and should continue so to do till his death. He endeavoured to take the whole blame upon himself:—Said, Olivia had never met him in private, without the greatest reluctance, and had often reproached him for having prevailed on her to act in so dissingenuous a manner with the only friends Providence had given her. But he did not scruple to confess, that he believed their affections were mutual.—Mr. Goldwyn, after gently reproaching him for having deceived him, in a matter of so much importance to both their happiness, endeavoured, in the most forcible language, to convince him
of

of his imprudence, in forming a connection so unfuitable to his rank and situation. He bade him recollect the ambition and high-minded disposition of his father, whom he could not expect would ever consent to such an unequal alliance; and who would not scruple to abandon and disown him, if he persevered in acting contrary to his designs: therefore, unless he determined to put an end to this unlucky, this imprudent attachment, he would instantly write to his father, and acquaint him with the whole affair: nor would he suffer Olivia to act so contrary to the dignity and virtue of her sex, as to correspond with him, or accept his future addresses, without the sanction of his parents; which would be the highest weakness and folly to expect.

Davenport threw himself at the feet of Mr. Goldwyn, and entreated he would not increase the distresses of the present moment, by threatening him with more in future. He acknowledged, he had little to hope from the indulgence of parents,

from whom he had ever experienced so little tenderness. He would promise to act as prudently as he could; but, he feared, to forget Olivia was impossible. His affection for her had increased every hour since he knew her. He would gladly forfeit all pretensions to birth and fortune, could he be permitted to call her his, with a bare sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and would joyfully submit to the labours of industry, could he be allowed to do so with the sweet prospect before him of an union with Olivia.

Mr. Goldwyn told him, such romantic language, such weak reasoning and designs, were merely the effects of a wild enthusiasm: that it was not love, but folly in the extreme: and to talk of disuniting himself from his family, not to give it a juster or a harsher epithet, was madness. — He said, Time, a little time, aided by reflection, would most assuredly make him blush for the weakness of the present moment, and recollect his imprudent

prudent engagement with Olivia, not only with indifference, but regret, for having brought distress on an artless, inexperienced girl, whose little knowledge of the world, and of the arts of mankind, were the only excuses that could be made for her. But, he trusted, time would likewise have the same effect on her, and reconcile her to the loss of a lover, whose passion being contrary to the dictates of prudence, must ever have been attended by misery. He gave him some general good advice for the direction of his future conduct, wishing him to regulate his passions, and, by so doing, render them useful auxiliaries in his endeavours to climb the thorny hill of glory. He insisted on his not attempting to see Olivia in private during his short stay at S——, nor endeavour to prevail on her to give him any promise respecting her future conduct. Without his giving him such a promise, he still should hold himself justified in writing to Lord Davenport.

To avoid that dreadful alternative, Davenport promised; but encouraged himself with the sweet hope, that, though his tongue must be silent, his eyes would be able to tell the object he fondly loved, the fears, the wishes, the language of his enamoured heart; and the reliance he put upon her constancy, in never being persuaded to forget or give him up for a more fortunate rival.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn determined carefully to watch the actions of these lovers whilst they remained together; for they would not send Olivia from them, lest Davenport, made desperate by such a proceeding, should attempt a private interview, well knowing how little the promise of an enamoured lover was to be relied on.

C H A P. XV.

The Separation.

THE dreaded hour at length arrived, in which Davenport was obliged to leave S——, its dear environs, his youthful companions, his respectable tutor, and his beloved Olivia; and yet not one short space was granted him, to tell her how much his agonizing soul endured.

——Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn undoubtedly judged right. Such an indulgence would only have served to increase those pangs already too severely felt, and perhaps have put additional fetters on those captives already too closely confined. But their eyes and tears too faithfully told each other the soft, the sincere language of their hearts; and the amiable Davenport departed with the good wishes of every one but the envious Vane, who, at that

mortifying moment, thought he would gladly have died, could his death have made Olivia shed such tears of unaffected anguish : for his money had procured him all the intelligence he wished to obtain ; and therefore, on the despair of the lovers his future hopes were founded.

At first, on the departure of Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn did not attempt to offer any advice, or give any consolation, to the heart-wounded Olivia. They knew that advice, in the first emotions of grief, would have no effect. — They let her retire as often as she pleased, and at every return to them appeared delighted and happy ; but they took no notice of her tears, or of her altered looks.

Mr. Goldwyn, however, neglected not to take a proper opportunity of attempting to give her consolation, and of soothing the anguish but too visible. Her heart, untried in the furnace of affliction, gladly listened to the voice of comfort, and felt unutterable gratitude at meeting
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it from those lips, from which she was conscious she deserved reproof.

Mr. Goldwyn, after this conversation, again carefully avoided mentioning her absent lover ; by which he prevented any questions being asked, or enquiries made ; and he had, previous to the departure of Davenport, requested he would not write, even to him, till he had entirely lost the lover in the friend.

C H A P. XVI.

A Change of Scene.

WE will now leave Olivia, in order to accompany her disconsolate lover to his father's.——No sooner was he arrived at the noble mansion, than he was ordered to attend Lord and Lady Davenport ; and was received by them in the most affectionate manner. They were sur-

prised at the visible improvement in his person, commended his air and address, and concluded with wishing him joy on his entering into the noble employment of a soldier. His lordship, next morning, presented his son with his commission, with a twelvemonth's leave of absence, and promised to allow him two hundred pounds a year more than his pay, so long as he continued to deserve his indulgence. Davenport was transported with these proofs of his father's tendernefs, conferred upon him in a manner he had never before experienced, and therefore had never dared to expect. His sister welcomed him home with apparent fondness; and even his dissipated, haughty brother professed himself pleased at the sight of him.—No wonder that, amidst the caresses of those dear and now indulgent relatives, Olivia was for a moment forgotten, and that despair gave way to ecstasy and delight. Alas! little did the unsuspecting victim think how dear he was

was to pay for this momentary happiness !

A few mornings after the above farce had been so well acted, as to deceive the unsuspicious youth into a belief of an equal share in his parents' affections, Lord Davenport proposed to take him with him for a little excursion ; and told Lady Davenport not to expect them till the evening, as he should take that opportunity of dining with his friend Mr. Maynard, who had given him frequent invitations, which the multiplicity of his engagements had alone prevented his accepting.

—It is not to be supposed but Davenport readily accompanied his father ; and after a very pleasant ride they stopped at the door of Mr. Maynard, who was an opulent merchant, and lived in the city, in a most expensive and luxurious manner. They were ushered, by a crowd of attendants, into a most superb apartment, and were received by Mr. Maynard with all that fawning respect paid by the vulgar little to the titled great. Mr. May-

nard had a daughter (his only child) who was to inherit the whole of his enormous fortune at his death : for as he was far advanced in life, and had lived a widower some years, he had given up all thoughts of a second marriage.

C H A P. XVII.

A Partiality acknowledged.

FANNY MAYNARD had often, in the vacations and at other times, opportunities of seeing Edward Davenport. Without suspecting it, or designing to do so, he had made some impression on her heart ; and when the handsome boy was beginning to form into the graceful man, she wished he might behold her with the eyes of affection ; and notwithstanding she had, during the long-continued and frequent absences of her young favourite,

favourite, been constantly engaged in a round of dissipation, still she thought that none she saw, in the most brilliant circles, equalled the man her heart had secretly chosen. She knew her father was desirous of her ennobling herself, by marrying into some great family ; and as she likewise knew the avarice of Lord Davenport was equal to his pride, she doubted not but a hint from her father to him would be sufficient to bring the son to her feet. She therefore told her father, that Mr. Davenport was the most pleasing youth she had ever seen ; and that she should be almost tempted to envy the woman that should be led by him to the altar. This was a sufficient hint to Mr. Maynard.—Matters were soon settled between the old gentlemen.—A commission was instantly purchased, as an excuse for hurrying the young one from his tutor : and it is not to be supposed but Lord Davenport was equally anxious to see his son wedded to such unbounded affluence, and that too without decreasing his own.

Miss

Miss Maynard made her appearance just before dinner. Davenport approached her with the pleasure we generally experience at seeing an old acquaintance; and the young lady received his compliments with smiles of unaffected satisfaction. Miss Maynard, though she could not be called handsome, had never, even by the connoisseurs in beauty, been reckoned plain. She was a little woman; but there was a pleasing elegance in her whole figure. She had a very beautiful hand and arm, played well, and sung enchantingly: was good-humoured, lively, and affable. Davenport, without suspecting this was the lady intended for his future bride, and really pleased with the unaffected good humour of Miss Maynard, took a great deal of notice of her; admired her playing; was in raptures when she sung: and all the parties separated mutually pleased and satisfied with each other.

The next morning Lord Davenport enquired of his son how he liked Miss Maynard.

Maynard. Davenport, really pleased with her, and perhaps at the same moment feeling a little vanity arise at having received such particular marks of attention from the heiress of such an immense fortune, who had been so much talked of, and so much followed by a numerous train of lovers, readily joined with his father in her praises. — Lord Davenport hastily arose, embraced his son with transport, and, without further preface, congratulated him on being the most fortunate, and the happiest of men; as neither interest or inclination acted contrary to each other. He told him every thing was settled between him and Mr. Maynard; gave him a purse of an hundred guineas, which he desired him to spend in such cloaths as would best set off his handsome person to advantage; advised him to make his bow directly, compose a few soft speeches for the occasion, and the glorious prize would be his own. Davenport, astonished by this sudden unexpected stroke, remained speechless; but his father

ther imputed it to the agreeable surprize he felt, and, having not a single idea that it was possible for him to have formed a prior engagement, left the room to attend some company, after requesting him to lose no time before he threw himself at the feet of his partial mistress.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Determination, and its Consequences.

DAVENPORT had not been left by himself a moment before the horror of his situation appeared in its most dreadful terrors before him.—Olivia, too, his dear Olivia! He saw that lovely maid, in his disordered imagination, all bathed in tears, and fondly lamenting the severity of her fate, and his inconstancy. His father said, every thing was agreed upon; and in those few words his sentence,

tence, he knew, was finally pronounced. He had presented him with an hundred guineas : and, if he acted contrary to his will, he knew he must expect no more from him ; yet he almost determined, with that small portion, to return to his beloved tutor, and throw himself upon his mercy : but a moment's recollection brought to his remembrance the commands, the determined commands of that dear friend. What room could he have to cherish hope from so desperate a procedure ? The next moment, he thought of informing Miss Maynard of his prior engagement ; but such an attempt was even worse than acquainting his father,—from whose conversation he had discovered that Miss Maynard was already but too partial to him. His soul felt a terror inexpressible at the thought of deceiving and giving up the only woman he could ever love : but, in respect to her, he knew Mr. Goldwyn would not consent to a clandestine marriage ; and without his consent, Olivia would not hear of it.

Under

Under such doubts, such certainty of being disappointed, what could Davenport do? Disobey his parents, who now appeared tenderly anxious for his happiness? Nature recoiled at the ungrateful thought. He knew he was caught, irretrievably caught in the snare. To escape he could not: the attempting to do so would only serve to increase his distresses. He must submit to his fate. It was but to be miserable for life; that life might be a short one,—and the grave would at last afford him, in common with all others, relief from sorrow, and a sure asylum from every care. He trusted that time would procure him an opportunity of convincing Olivia, that he had been compelled to lead her rival to the altar, and that, notwithstanding his father had given his hand to another, his heart would ever remain with her.

Having thus settled his account with Misery, and beheld the utmost her malice could invent to torture him, he became more resigned to the severity of his fate,
and

and determined to obey his father. When the burden became too heavy for support, he trusted Providence would permit him to lay it down, and by future happiness, reward the present sacrifice he was about to offer at the shrine of duty. For so well had Mr. Goldwyn implanted every gentle, every delightful principle of early piety in his youthful mind, that at this moment of exquisite distress, acting in conformity to his duty appeared less dreadful than not obeying its dictates, however repugnant to his wishes.

Thus resigned, and submissive to the peculiar hardships of his lot, 'tis not to be doubted but matters were soon accommodated between all the parties; and Lord Davenport, contrary to his nature, but stimulated by pride, acted generously respecting the fortune and establishment of his son.

Mr. Maynard gave his daughter sixty thousand pounds on the day of marriage, and settled a much larger sum upon them at his death.

Scenes

Scenes of courtship have been so often and so variously described, in most of our modern publications, that to give an account of this, would afford nothing *nouvelle*. Suffice it to say, that even the most gracious smiles of Davenport's fair mistress, frequently could not banish reflection and despair from his bosom. In some of their fondest moments, the figure of Olivia would appear in all her blushing charms before the haunted imagination of her lover; and he would tremble at her just reproaches in the presence of her rival. Thus, though it may appear enigmatical, he was constant to his first engagement at the moment of having formed and submitted to a second.

Swiftly, however, fled the hours of courtship. Miss Maynard indeed discovered her lover to be of a serious disposition; but as she did not know that herself was the occasion of it, accompanied him to the altar, without having a doubt of being the only, the dearest object of his wishes.

They

They removed into a very fine house, situated near to Lord Davenport's. Crouds of company, various scenes of gaiety, new cloaths, fine jewels, splendid equipages, a numerous retinue of servants, a profusion of all the luxuries that art and nature could produce, at first captivated the mind, and took up the attention of our newly-commenced husband; added to which, he had gained a prize that half the young nobility had wished to make their own. He was no longer subject to the will of a tutor, or confined in his expences; no longer under the authority of rigid parents, but, in the midst of the gay world, in every respect his own master, and had authority to command others, and direct their actions.—Who are there, amongst the sons and daughters of Adam, that have not been many hours of their lives under the dominion of pride and vanity? In the present instance, they were the only friends who stepped in to the assistance of Davenport; they presented a flattering picture to his imagination,

tion, applied a healing bandage to his wounds, and held a magic glass before him, that at first both pleased, captivated, and flattered him into a belief of his being almost happy. In this delusion of the senses we will leave him for the present, and return to the fireside of Mr. Goldwyn.

C H A P. XIX.

A very different Scene.

VERY different indeed are the scenes we have now to represent. Retirement and solitude generally add to the stings of disappointment and ill-requited love. Olivia cherished her love for Davenport within the silent recesses of her own heart. His name she never ventured to pronounce; and by the silence every
one

one observed respecting him, it appeared as if all that had passed was mere delusion, or the dream of deceitful fancy : but in her solitary walks she sought and found him. To his picture, which she wore upon her bosom, she addressed herself ; and she sometimes even imagined she heard him hastening to her with all the eagerness he was wont to do : and in the sound of every breeze that waved the surrounding branches, she thought she distinguished the gentle, the soothing voice of Davenport and of love.

No sooner was Davenport departed from Mr. Goldwyn, than Vane determined to take advantage of his absence : He followed the footsteps of the dejected Olivia whenever he discovered her inclination to walk abroad ; and made use of every effort in his power to obtain her attention, and create an advocate in her bosom to speak in his behalf. He carefully fed and fondly caressed all her little feathered favourites ; and so exactly adapted his sentiments and wishes to her humour,

humour, that they never appeared to have a thought that was different.

Mr. Goldwyn observed the growing attachment of Vane with silent satisfaction : he knew that he would soon be in the possession of a very fine estate, and entirely his own master. But this secret hope did not prevent the watchful friends of Olivia from observing, that grief had made a deep impression on her youthful mind. They knew she wept in secret, and that the fond belief of Davenport's performing his vows and returning to claim her hand, was still impressed upon her mind. Too soon they found it was become absolutely necessary to put a final end to such delusive expectations.

A letter from Lord Davenport was brought to Mr. Goldwyn, to inform him of his son's marriage with Miss Maynard, to thank him for the care he had exerted in his education, and to congratulate him, as well as himself, on the honour which, in all probability, Edward's future conduct would bring upon them all. Such
are

are too often the capricious humours of mortals; that which they dislike the present hour, they are fond of the next. Such was the case with Lord Davenport: Edward was now as much admired and cared for, as he was formerly disliked and neglected. But this sudden change had not been brought about so much by his own virtues and good qualities, as by the vices and obstinacy of the Honourable Mr. Davenport his brother, who already exhibited a striking figure of every vice embodied in the human form.

C H A P. XX.

Mutual Distress.

MR. Goldwyn communicated the contents of this surprising, and to him unexpected, letter to the beloved partner of all his cares; and they agreed that it would be best to impart the unwelcome

news to Olivia the earliest opportunity. They flattered themselves the sudden desertion of her lover would awaken all her pride and indignation; and that affronted love would soon enable her to conquer a passion so ill requited: for Mr. Goldwyn, little as he expected an union to take place, could not reconcile himself to so very sudden a change. — That same day, while Olivia was sitting with them, they mentioned a report that prevailed, of Davenport's paying his addresses to a Miss Maynard, a lady of immense fortune. — Olivia only sighed an answer to this alarming introduction, and a few silent tears dropped upon her work. She retired to rest at her usual hour: — but without peace in our hearts, sleep will forsake the bosom of innocence and the bed of down. She arose early in the morning, unrefreshed and indisposed: She stole into one of her favourite walks; took from her bosom the picture of the false-hearted Davenport; enquired if he already had forgotten the poor Olivia Elford, and sacrificed without

out regret, at the shrine of another love, those vows, those sighs, which alone belonged to her: and asked, if her unaffected tenderness and sincerity had merited such base returns? She imagined the unfeeling image of her lover shrunk from those enquiries; and she constantly concealed the unconscious portrait in that faithful bosom, which carried within itself a more indelible impression.

At breakfast Mr. Goldwyn took up a newspaper, which he had procured for the purpose, and, without any apparent surprise, read an account, that on such a day was married Mr. Davenport to Miss Maynard, an amiable young lady, with a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. — Then 'tis past, cried Olivia; all hopes of happiness are at an end! — 'Tis but just that I should suffer a punishment equal to my crime. But pardon, pardon me this once, oh my father! addressing herself to Mr. Goldwyn: it is the last weakness of disappointed love and expiring hope. Never shall any thing again

persuade me to stray from the strictest rules of prudence and of duty. I bend submissive to that unerring Judge, who has made the error of acting repugnant to my reason the source of punishment. At this moment I cannot cease to weep, though every tear discovers a faulty weakness.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, with the most soothing language, the fondest caresses, shewed how much they were satisfied and rejoiced in the pious fortitude she discovered. They encouraged her to persevere in such thoughts and resolutions, begged she would endeavour to blot from her memory what had passed, or to think of them with less regret and fewer self-reproaches. They assured her of their fondest attachment, and of the sanguine hopes which they now cherished, of seeing her one day as happy as she was good and amiable.

How fortunate for the heart-wounded Olivia, that she had such gentle admonishers, in this first trial of her fortitude!

Had

Had she met with severity and reproof, it is most likely she would have fallen a victim to this sudden torrent of complicated distress.

A few months after the marriage of Davenport, Mr. Vane's father paid the last debt of nature, and he was summoned to direct and attend his funeral, and to take possession of his estate, of which his fond father had left him the immediate occupation, strongly recommending it to him in his will, to take no step of consequence without the advice and concurrence of Mr. Goldwyn; to whom he left a legacy of two hundred guineas, as a small testimony of his regard, and gratitude for the attention he had paid to the mind and morals of his darling son.

Young Vane had so long expected the death of his father, that he neither affected much concern, nor felt himself inconsolable. Mr. Goldwyn not only kindly undertook to order and attend the funeral obsequies of his friend, but to assist his pupil in settling his affairs, and to direct

him respecting the future management of them, and the establishment of his household. When he took leave of his pupil, he was requested to expect a very early visit from him at S——, on a matter of much importance to his happiness; but not giving Mr. Goldwyn any hint of his meaning, he carefully avoided making enquiries, yet secretly hoped that the important business would be to make an offer of his hand to Miss Elford.

C H A P. XXI.

A Singular Request.

AFTER Mr. Goldwyn's return to his home, he was surprised one morning at seeing Olivia enter his study before breakfast. He eagerly enquired, what had procured him the pleasure of so early a visit from his beloved daughter?—Olivia blushed,

blushed,—she hesitated :—at length, with a trembling hand, she presented a little parcel, carefully sealed up, to her guardian. She then gained more courage.—

“ In this paper, my dear Sir, is the picture of Mr. Davenport, which, in an hour of unsuspecting confidence, I readily accepted, as the most valuable present he then could make me.— He never again can be any thing to me : He is married ; and I can no longer support the idea of wearing the image of another’s right in the bosom which I hope will never be guilty of intentional wrong. Return it to him, my dear Sir, the first opportunity that offers. Let him not even suspect that I wish to keep his image near the heart which he has wounded, but which religion and duty have enabled me, and I hope with sincerity, to say, is no longer his. With the portrait present him my forgiveness and best wishes for his future happiness.”

Mr. Goldwyn had never felt a more refined, a more rapturous delight, than

at this moment. He told her, he admired her fortitude; he praised the self-devoted sacrifice which she had made of Davenport's picture, assured her that returning peace would bless her with its benignant smiles, and heaven look down with delight on her pious resignation to its decrees. After his promising to comply with her request, by inclosing her unsolicited forgiveness and good-wishes, Olivia withdrew, and felt a serenity about her heart, to which it long had been a stranger.—Such is the certain recompence of conscious rectitude and genuine virtue. From this moment she regained her cheerfulness, and the rose of health opened its returning blossom on her cheek. Young as she was, she already experienced the placid influence of religion; and blessed the guardian-teacher of those delightful precepts, which she found so pleasant, so consoling, to practise. — Well may they complain, and sink into despondency, under the trying hand of affliction, who have not been taught where to find the sacred

sacred balm of consolation,—so easily, but too often so carelessly, planted in the human mind. No wonder so many are hourly caught in the gilded snares of vice, whilst so little care is taken to guard the unsuspecting soul against the threatening danger ! Can we be surprised that the harlot infests our streets, whilst religion is lost in pleasure ; or that when virtue no longer receives the tribute of attention which is her due, in the most homely form ; or that whilst she is treated with contempt, and her mild precepts disregarded, she should conceal her injuries beneath the shades of night, and leave unblushing vice to revel in the face of day : yet such is the faithful and humiliating picture of modern licentiousness, such the baneful influence of luxury and unbounded dissipation. Cheerfulness and mirth were undoubtedly meant to harmonize the rugged nature, and soften the cares of man. Our pleasure must be innocent, or it loses its friendly effect.—

Often we find, that what passes current under the delusive name of pleasure, is only misery in masquerade.

C H A P. XXII.

The Prospect brightens.

IN a few weeks after the return of Mr. Goldwyn from attending the remains of his old friend to their last gloomy mansion, as the family were just going to dinner, a very elegant post-chaise drove up to the door, out of which a gentleman in mourning alighted, and hurried into the parlour :— it was no other than Mr. Vane.

After paying his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, he timidly approached Olivia, who received his addresses with that easy, unembarrassed air, which plainly discovered her heart felt very little

little emotion at his unexpected appearance. Vane beheld her with rapture; and Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn rejoiced at seeing him once more amongst them.— They told him, they hoped he was come with the friendly intention of staying some days with them. He gladly accepted the wished-for invitation. That day passed very cheerfully; and the next, with several succeeding ones, were spent equally pleasant. Vane took Mrs. Goldwyn and Miss Elford in his carriage, and carried them little excursions round the country, using every effort to render them agreeable to his fair companions. Olivia, who had in a great measure recovered her usual flow of spirits, received all his complaisant attentions with a smile of complacent approbation; and those smiles afforded infinite delight to the enamoured Vane, who, in his short absence from Olivia, was more than ever convinced she was necessary to his happiness. It hurt his pride to think she had ever loved another: But that other was married;—

and if he had not, it had long been his fixed resolution to have disputed the lovely prize with him—or any other rival. The perfidy of Davenport had now left her at liberty to form a second choice, which choice, if she ever made one, he determined should be himself. Thus resolutely in love, it is not to be doubted but he took the earliest opportunity of acquainting Mr. Goldwyn with his intention, who, gratified with the prospect of affluence and splendour in which such an alliance would place his adopted child, readily undertook to plead his cause.—Olivia was zealously and earnestly solicited, by her guardian and friend, to accept the addresses of the generous, disinterested Vane.—She turned pale, she trembled, at the idea of another lover:—but Davenport was lost—was another's, with his own consent. He had set her an example, which her best friends now advised her to follow, and, in the arms of his rival, secure to herself that peace, of which he was now become regardless. He thought
not

not of her: Why then should she continue to grieve for a falsehood so unpardonable, or feel regret at the remembrance of his inconstancy? So wholly was her mind taken up with such reflections, that tears were the only answer she could give to the earnest solicitations of Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn. But from her silence they cherished hopes of success, and ventured to tell Vane not to despair.

C H A P. XXIII.

The Perseverance of a Lover.

VANE, who knew exactly how the mind of Olivia was circumstanced, acquainted Mr. Goldwyn, that he was no stranger to her prior attachment; acknowledged that love and jealousy had first made the discovery; and that he had long waited, but without success, for an oppor-

opportunity to have informed him of the intimacy, which he well knew was privately carried on between the lovers : He was afraid of not being able to produce sufficient proofs to obtain belief : He had once ventured a few poetical lines, to caution Olivia ; and would have taken other steps ; but apprehended that it would have caused the lovely maid to consider him as an enemy to her happiness, rather than a friend anxious to secure it.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, charmed with the conduct of Vane, took every opportunity to dwell on his praise. So earnestly did they plead in his behalf, so tenderly did they persuade Olivia no longer to be her own enemy, when so inviting a prospect of prosperity opened before her ; so assiduously did Vane join his own tender persuasions to theirs, and so generously did he make the noblest proposals, that every one entered warmly into the cause of this uncommon lover. Olivia, on all sides beset with the advocates of Vane,
and

and even softened by his repeated proofs of attention, after some months had elapsed, during which her lover was seldom absent, but employed each moment in procuring the gratification of every wish, though she did not absolutely consent to be his, no longer refused to listen to him with complacency. Vane, encouraged by her smiles, knew that to persevere would be to conquer.—At length, Olivia was prevailed upon to give a kind of half-promise to be his on the day she was nineteen, which day was only at the distance of a few weeks.

Every thing was immediately *en train*:—A new equipage was bespoke, cloaths were sent for, and alterations ordered to be made at Vane-Grove, an estate which had for many generations belonged to the family. It was not built in the modern stile, but still retained all the venerable grandeur of former ages. It was surrounded by groves of respectable oaks, that had stood unmolested, whilst those by which they had formerly been encompassed

passed had been levelled by the hand of folly and extravagance. The house was a spacious one; the rooms lofty, light, and airy; for old Mr. Vane had, on coming to the possession of the estate, much modernized it, and furnished it with elegance and expence.

Olivia was fond of a garden. Vane had ordered that his should be laid out in the most pleasing and striking taste. The sun and shade were both allowed to extend their benign influence, and, by so doing, afford delight to the different humours of those, who chose to contemplate the sweets, of which Nature is so liberal in all her various seasons. Vane was no admirer of those gardens which were entirely laid open to the view, where no refuge could be found from the sun's fiercest beams, or the pinching blasts of the north-east wind, which must, in the winter months, prevent a thousand agreeable rambles being indulged.

Mr. Goldwyn, in the mean time, took every opportunity of observing Olivia,
and

and conversing with her on her intended change of situation; and secretly felt a thousand apprehensions respecting her future happiness: but not being able to discover that she any longer remembered Davenport with regret, and could hear his name mentioned without any apparent emotion, his fears subsided, and every one set about preparing for the approaching nuptials with eager cheerfulness.—Olivia met with congratulations from every one of her friends: Miss Pelham and Miss Creswell received invitations from the happy Vane to accompany her to the altar; and from thence to Vane-Grove, to which place they were likewise to be attended by Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn.

Olivia, whose mind was equally a stranger to ambition, pride, or vanity, left the choice of her cloaths and ornaments to the taste of others. Miss Pelham was employed on this occasion, and gladly executed her commissions, rejoicing in the good fortune of her friend, whom

whom she good-naturedly reproached for having so obstinately concealed from her the object of her affections till the very eve of her marriage.

Miss Elford, if she did not feel that lively attachment to Vane which she had formerly done for Davenport, beheld him with a gratitude so nearly allied to affection, as to render it no longer doubtful even to herself; and he was now the object dearest to her heart. He had deserved to be so, by the generosity of his conduct, and his long and sincere attachment, which even her having loved another could not conquer. She had loved Davenport with all the romantic fondness of a youthful fervour. He had deceived her; and that was a convincing testimony that she had placed her affections on an unworthy object. It was but just that she should herself be convinced of a truth, which every uninterested person must acknowledge. She had once beheld Vane with dislike; yet it was at a time when her own actions would not stand the test
of

of observation. Had any other person discovered her situation, she would equally have disliked them, because, by acting wrong, she must fear them. But now that veil of concealment was removed, the cause of her aversion was done away likewise ; and she did not scruple to hint, even to Vane himself, how much she dreaded his penetrating eye, when it so attentively watched her conduct.—Vane, transported at such an ingenuous and frank confession, said every thing that a heart in love could dictate on so interesting an occasion.—After so candid an eclaircissement, all doubts and fears subsided on the part of Vane ; and never was Hymen busied in preparing fetters for two lovers, who promised to wear them more to the honour of that old-fashioned god. But alas ! we are little able to judge of the event from the most flattering appearances : for too often will the brightest prospects in one hour be overclouded, that promised a long succession of happy years ; and the most corroding pangs of
misery

misery will steal into the heart, however it may be encircled with the rays of envied prosperity.

C H A P. XXIV.

The Wedding-Day.

THE morning at length arrived that was to give to the impatient Vane the object of his fondest wishes, and a bliss he once despaired of ever obtaining. The bridegroom arose with the sun ; and never before had it appeared so bright, or its beams so enlivening. — Olivia was likewise preparing for that awful ceremony which was to take her from the affectionate bosom of her dearest friends, and make the most important change in her situation. Mrs. Goldwyn assisted the two bride-maids in decorating her beloved child. The little Miss Goldwyns likewise accom-

accompanied their mother to Olivia's chamber. Miss Elford was no sooner dressed, than she received a message, to inform her that Mr. Vane, Mr. Goldwyn, and Mr. Creswell (who was on this occasion to perform the office of Father) waited for her, as the hour was arrived in which they proposed going to church. Olivia trembled at the summons — she turned pale : an affectionate embrace from Mrs. Goldwyn, and a little humorous chiding from Miss Pelham, who told her, To be sure, she had great reason to be frightened at the tremendous thoughts of being married to a most accomplished man, with an estate of four or five thousand pounds a year, brought her to herself ! She hastened to obey the summons ; and was received at her entrance by her impatient lover. Never did Olivia look lovelier than on the morning of her nuptial-day. She was dressed in a light-coloured riding habit, with a white hat, simply decorated with a plume of feathers. Her elegant form wanted not the borrowed aid

aid of ornament to make it charming in the eyes of her captive lover and surrounding friends; for never had Nature formed a more complete picture of innocence and beauty. The carriages waited at the door. Mr. Goldwyn led Olivia to hers, and stepped in with her and the two bride-maids. Mrs. Goldwyn, Mr. Creswell, Mr. Vane, and Miss Goldwyn followed in Mr. Vane's coach; for Mr. Goldwyn humorously declared, he would not suffer any one to monopolize his right, till they first had a prior claim to that indulgence. They arrived at the church, surrounded and followed by crowds of the villagers, who on this occasion were led, by their love for Olivia, to be the glad spectators of her good fortune. The ceremony was solemnly performed, but not without emotion, by Mr. Goldwyn; who knew the close of that short awful service would separate him from the child of his affection. Olivia went through the service with more composure than could have been expected, and

and received the compliments and congratulations of her surrounding friends without a tear; till she found herself in the arms of her paternal friend, her more than father: then it was that tears would make their way, in opposition of all her efforts to restrain them, and in spite of the cloud which they instantly caused to overspread the countenance of Vane. Mr. Goldwyn soon yielded the hand of his weeping charge to the impatient Vane, who whispered something in the ear of his Olivia; and she very soon reassumed her cheerfulness and smiles.

Vane now led his bride to the carriage, and then stepped in himself. They were met at the church-door by a number of young girls, who threw a profusion of flowers over their heads, and followed them some way; others had been employed in strewing them before Mr. Goldwyn's house: and a crowd of people were assembled to see her alight. Good wishes and applauses were softly expressed from every spectator of this festive scene: and
those

those who had been employed in strewing flowers in their path, received a very genteel present from the happy bridegroom.

As soon as they had breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, the whole party set off for Vane-Grove : but Olivia could not leave her native village without feeling a thousand tender remembrances arise in her mind, of the many happy hours she had spent. The little Goldwyns hung about her, and vowed she should not leave them. Every one of Mr. Goldwyn's pupils felt a regret at her departure ; the sincerity of which was testified with their tears. To each of the servants she gave a handsome present, and took an affectionate leave of them : to all of whom her amiable sweetness and gentleness of manners had rendered her inexpressibly dear ; and even the triumphant Vane, who was going to rob them of their valued and regretted treasure, endeavoured to soften their distress, by promising to bring his Olivia often amongst them.

On their arrival at Vane-Grove, a fresh scene of joyous festivity presented itself: The cellar-doors had been thrown open; and every one who had heard of the 'Squire's wedding, had been liberally regaled at his expence. An elegant dinner had been provided, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The old English hospitality seemed to be revived at this noble ancient mansion on this occasion. Olivia had, previous to her marriage, requested that no strangers might be invited to his house on the wedding-day; therefore, as she was only surrounded by her own particular friends, she found herself but little embarrassed on being obliged to do the honours of her table, and acquitted herself with inimitable grace. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their friends, looked about the house. Olivia was surprised: she felt an awful kind of delight at being the acknowledged mistress of so much affluence and splendour: she looked at Vane, and in him she beheld the person who had

raised her from obscurity ; who, by uniting his fate with hers, in opposition to his interest, and the usual custom of his fordid sex, had made her the envy of the world. Such reflections hushed every doubt of the lover's being lost in the husband. She found a small but light apartment, furnished with all the best authors, for her own peculiar use and amusement. But words cannot describe her delight on being shewn into the dressing-room, which was furnished with an elegance and beautiful simplicity, that alone could be directed by the hand of Love. The toilet and all its apparatus were elegant. But what charmed her most, was to see every place of her apartment ornamented with a variety of beautiful flowers and fragrant plants. Several little birds in gilt cages forgot their captivity, and welcomed their charming mistress with songs of harmony. Olivia, astonished at such unexpected attention being paid to her taste, and such expence lavished, to oblige one who had no claim

claim to such flattering indulgence, felt in her mind such a torrent of grateful sensations, as could no longer be suppressed. She took hold of Mr. Goldwyn's hand — "Teach me, my dear Sir, cried the blushing fair one,—continue by your precepts to teach me, how I shall act, so as to deserve the continuance of such numerous blessings. But oh ! above all, tell me how to preserve that generous heart, which so profusely bestows them on me. You must ever be my Mentor, or I fear I shall not be able to reward as I ought so much unexampled generosity." — Mr. Goldwyn replied, that the desire of deserving to be happy, was the best security for its continuance ; and, seeing Vane eagerly clasp her other unreluctant hand, he declared, the present moment was one of the happiest he had ever known. Miss Pelham put an end to the interesting scene, by telling them they should not, by any of their artful and provoking solemnities and ridiculous sensibilities, occasion her to shed another tear on that

day. She had made a resolution, if ever prevailed upon to be a bride, never to cry on the day she was tempted to part with her dear liberty; and therefore it was particularly hard she must be compelled to weep for the follies and fine feelings of other people on so *very dismal* an occasion. This lively flight gave a very seasonable turn to the seriousness of the parties; and they immediately agreed to take a view of the other apartments. Mr. Vane took an opportunity of hinting to his bride, that his servants were impatient to be introduced to their future mistresses, many of whom were grown grey in the service of his family. They were instantly summoned to pay their respects, and were received with smiles. She made a present to each, having first consulted the approving eyes of their master; and they severally retired from her without a single apprehension, but that their new lady would increase rather than diminish their felicity. Indeed, it was almost impossible

possible to behold Olivia, and hear the sweetness of her harmonious voice, without feeling a strong predilection in her favour.

C H A P. XXV.

A Variety of Scenes.

MR. and Mrs. Goldwyn were obliged to leave their Olivia much sooner than they wished : But they left her happy in the protection of a fond husband, and possessed of the power to gratify every wish of the most benevolent heart that ever was lodged in the snowy bosom of sweetness and beauty. That thought consoled them ; and in the hopes of soon again being permitted to fold her in their paternal arms, they hastily took themselves from her embraces. Miss Pelham and Miss Creswell were left to accompany

her, with a promise to stay till all the tiresome ceremony of receiving and returning visits should be over; and which, however dreaded by the timid Olivia, promised a fine fund of entertainment to her lively friend Eliza Pelham, whose imagination had already presented to her a most ridiculous picture of the dowagers and misses that would be tempted to draw themselves forth on this important occasion.

At this interesting period, it may be thought necessary to make some particular enquiries into the real situation of Olivia's heart:—It was contented and happy. She could recollect the past without regret, and look forwards with serenity and cheerful hope. Davenport's image no longer retained its impression on her heart; it had given place to the more deserving Vane, whom she had made the husband of her choice; who, she was satisfied, had all the real good qualities which she once falsely imagined Davenport possessed of; and who, she supposed,
had

had none of the bad ones which the other had convinced her were his in reality.

Again I must stop, to regret that so few of such delusive moments are given us, to soften the numerous cares of human life, and brighten, with their all-cheering influence, the shade that predominates too often over the picture, which every hour's experience presents, with all its care-worn portraits, to our view.

We must now look back to that period in which Olivia consented to have the day fixed for her nuptials with Vane. On the eve of that important event, Mr. Goldwyn thought he would write to Davenport, and return him the picture intrusted to him by Olivia for that purpose: which he did; and likewise told him of the happiness that awaited her, by her having consented to an union with his old companion and friend Mr. Vane. He had written an answer to the letter he received from Lord Davenport; but had not congratulated his son on his change of situation till he sent this letter, in

which he inclosed the picture. He now called upon him for his congratulations in return; and concluded his epistle with good-wishes for the uninterrupted continuance of happiness to all the parties.

Mr. Davenport had, before the receipt of this letter, begun to sink into a kind of habitual melancholy. Scenes of dissipation, gaiety, and splendour no longer amused than they had novelty to recommend them. When that ceased, he found a vacancy, a want of something that appeared necessary to his happiness, which the world could not furnish him with, nor wealth purchase: an aching void remained, that nothing he met with could fill up.

Mrs. Davenport was young, gay, and good-humoured; but she had not the beauty, the softness, and sensibility of the lost Olivia. Every art was made use of to decorate her person, though no pains had been taken to adorn her mind. She had none of those mental accomplishments which ever made Olivia the cheerful

ful

ful companion and entertaining friend ; and these charms, young as he was, had been the first cause of his attachment to her. — Mrs. Davenport, eager in the pursuit of every fashionable amusement, felt little satisfaction from the social hour of domestic enjoyment. To render her own home agreeable, it must be filled with company ; for, notwithstanding she still continued to think Davenport the most accomplished, the best of men, she found he was unusually grave, and too often strangely whimsical in his opinions ; therefore she was certainly justifiable in endeavouring to enliven the scene whenever an opportunity offered. Though she loved her husband as well as it was possible for her to love any one, she did not see the necessity of giving up her own inclinations to the capriciousness of his ; and whilst she left him, without restraint or enquiry, to indulge the singularity of his humour in retirement, and poring over a parcel of musty books, she considered

herself as being entitled to equal indulgence from him : nor did she meet with any contradiction. Davenport never prevented any of the pleasurable parties that were formed ; he sometimes joined them ; but found so little satisfaction in them, that he generally carried back to his own home more discontent than had accompanied him abroad. To increase his dislike, he was often ridiculed for the gravity of his manners and the solemnity of his disposition, which a lady once rudely told him made him more fit for an undertaker than a companion to a young woman of fashion.

C H A P. XXVI.

An Unfortunate Resolution.

NO sooner had Davenport received Mr. Goldwyn's letter, with the portrait which he had, in an hour of rapturous fondness, given to Olivia, than his fancy instantly presented to his view the sweet confusion, the artless joy, which the welcome present produced in the eyes of the charming Olivia, whom he had given up for an imaginary good, to gratify the fordid ambition of an arbitrary parent. A resistless languor and gloominess instantly pervaded his whole frame, and discontent haunted him with unceasing malice. — Could he see Olivia, could he but tell her how he had been caught in the fatal snare laid to entrap him, his soul would then be at peace; and to hear his pardon pronounced by her soft voice, would

again reconcile him to drag on for a few years the heavy burden of an unfortunate life.—He instantly resolved to see Olivia; and no sooner was the imprudent resolution formed, than it was put in practice. He told Mrs. Davenport, that business of the utmost importance obliged him to be absent from her for a few days. He hired a chaise; and, having procured a dress that would conceal him from the curious impertinence of enquiring eyes, determined to remain private in the neighbourhood of Vane-Grove, till he could secretly obtain an interview with Olivia. A few miles from town he discharged the chaise, put on the dress of a sailor, hired another chaise, and very soon was carried within a few miles of the spot which contained the unsuspecting cause of this imprudent step. He took lodgings at an inn in the village, where he determined to remain till some fortunate moment should offer, that would procure him the opportunity of seeing the fair Olivia, and soliciting her forgiveness. At the inn we
must

must for the present leave him, in order to enquire what was going forwards at Vane-Grove.

At this period no company had been admitted. The drawing-room required some alteration; and the workmen had been dilatory, and by so doing had greatly increased the impatience of Mr. Vane's friends to have a sight of his bride.—Mr. and Mrs. Vane, with their two fair visitors, sometimes rode out in the morning; but, to avoid being stared at by the honest villagers, confined their airings to their own park and its environs. They spent their afternoons in reading some entertaining author, or playing on a very fine harpsichord, which Mr. Vane, previous to his marriage, had purchased for Olivia; and which afforded the most heart-felt delight to the enamoured bridegroom, when Olivia, who played divinely, accompanied the instrument with the more enchanting tones of her voice.

One morning, when Mr. Vane was obliged to be absent, in order to transact
some

some business with his steward, Mrs. Vane, at the request of Miss Pelham, sung several songs; amongst the rest, one that had been written by Davenport, and given to her after a tender conversation that had passed between them in one of their stolen rambles. Miss Pelham, pleased with the words, asked Mrs. Vane to transcribe them for her; and she instantly retired to her dressing-room, to comply with the request of her friend. The words were as follows:

S O N G.

AS with my Fair the grove I fought;
 A blushing Rose her bosom deck'd:
 The gaudy flower, to be thus caught,
 Expir'd with envy and neglect.

Eager to have its place supply'd,
 I stole the Queen of yonder dale.
 The contrast view, I softly cry'd,
 And be my Lilly of the Vale.

Would but my Delia learn to love,
 Envy should sicken at the tale:
 So fond, so faithful I would prove
 To my fair Lilly of the Vale.

Ah!

Ah! Strephon! I have oft been told,
Reply'd the timid, blushing Fair,
By the Gay, Young, Experienc'd, Old,
Your sex will flatter to ensnare.

One trembling tear she strove to hide,
Whilst at my frown her cheek turn'd pale:
I knelt, for oh! I could not chide
The weeping Lilly of the Vale.

No longer doubt, I fondly cry'd;
To Hymen's altar we'll repair:
Delia shall be her Strephon's bride;
A bride the fairest of the fair.

The gentle conqu'ror, from that hour,
Has held me captive in the dale:
Unrivall'd still my fav'rite flow'r,
The white-rob'd Lilly of the Vale.

C H A P. XXVII.

Jealousy appears at Vane-Grove.

JUST as Olivia had finished writing, Mr. Vane entered her apartment ; and after enquiring how she had been amusing herself, took up the song, and read it. But no sooner did he recollect the having seen it before (for Davenport had shewn the song to his friend in a moment of unguarded confidence) than his countenance became gloomy, and his whole frame disordered. Olivia, not suspecting he had ever seen the lines, and therefore could have no suspicion of Davenport's being the author, was frightened at the sudden alteration she saw in her husband. Supposing him ill, she flew to his assistance, and putting her hand gently upon his, begged him to be seated, and permit her to get him something to take. Vane
roughly

roughly tossed away her hand, and threw himself upon the sofa. — “ I am well, madam — I will not be hurt : — but I did not expect to find you thus employed.” — Good heaven ! cried Olivia, sitting down by him, what have I done, that you are thus displeased with me ? Condescend to tell me my fault, my dear Mr. Vane, and be assured I will never repeat it.

Make no such promises, madam, replied he, with a sternness that redoubled the terrors of the trembling Olivia ; it will neither perhaps be in your power or inclination to keep them. I am very nice in my opinions respecting the delicacy which your sex ought to observe in the married life ; and, by heaven ! if I thought I had only a divided heart — if the curst Davenport was still my rival — if I knew that he still retained any influence in the bosom of my wife — my rage would know no bounds ; — I should be mad. — And yet it must be so ; or why does Vane’s Olivia delight to dwell on those flattering lines, meant only to lure
her

her to destruction, and that too after being basely deceived and meanly given up by one whose only ———

Oh! say no more, cried the weeping Olivia: distract me not with such severe, such undeserved reproaches, nor harbour doubts not more injurious to your peace than to my honour. I call heaven and you to witness my sincerity, in assuring you, that the inadvertence I have been guilty of was merely accidental.— Miss Pelham desired me to sing, and then to write her out the song she had formerly heard me repeat. I did so, without thinking I should displease you by obliging her: But be assured, had the employment led even one thought astray, I had not complied with her request. Forgive, therefore, this my first, yet unintentional offence; and oh! if possible, think better of that grateful heart, which has not a wish that extends beyond your own generous bosom.

Mr. Vane, convinced by her unblushing earnestness, and softened by her tears,
endea-

endeavoured to raise her from the suppliant posture to which she had fallen; but Olivia refused to rise till he assured her of his forgiveness, and promised to think of her fault no more: Nor did he leave her without condemning his own cruelty, in having so much discomposed her, and caused her to shed so many tears. He tenderly embraced her, owned himself much to blame, and cursed his own unreasonable jealousy, which he however promised to subdue as much as possible, for both their sakes. To conquer it entirely, he feared, was beyond his power. He however entreated, that she would recollect his had been no common love; and therefore hoped she would make allowances for a passion violent as it was sincere.

No sooner was Olivia left to her own reflections, than she trembled at the recollection and severity of those heart-wounding reproaches with which she had been loaded; and she determined, that by no action of her life would she be so
unguarded,

unguarded, as deservedly to bring a repetition of them upon herself. She shuddered, however, at the terrifying idea of having a jealous husband, whilst that of a person she had once suspected of having been guilty of the same fault was easily accounted for : he had, she was convinced, been in a manner compelled to act a part that in reality belonged to his rival ; yet never so much as at this trying moment did she condemn herself for having listened to the inconstant Davenport, without being authorised to do so by the approving voice of her guardian friends.

Though this storm thus easily blew over, it was never entirely forgotten by Olivia. If a frown was seen upon the brow of Mr. Vane, she was instantly alarmed with a thousand apprehensions, lest she should have been the cause. If he was out of humour she trembled, lest the storm should fall upon herself. She, therefore, consulted him upon every occasion before she ventured to give any orders, or make any engagement ; and never
felt

felt happy till his approving voice had convinced her she acted in exact conformity to his wishes.

The room at last was finished, and the day arrived in which they were to make their appearance at church, in order to receive the visits and congratulations of a numerous crowd of visitants, who had for some weeks waited impatiently for the moment in which they might be admitted. Davenport was still concealed at the inn, and had made himself well acquainted with every avenue that led to the house of his happy rival. Frequently, when the family at the Grove were all at rest, this restless wanderer would saunter round the dwelling where slept the unsuspecting Olivia; who little imagined the being she would have trembled at the most distant idea of ever again beholding, was so near; that he was gazing at her window in all the agony of desolate despair, in order to catch a transient view of the form he adored; that he had lain upon the grass over which he imagined her to have walked,

walked, had traced her footsteps with his tears, and wished the friendly turf would have concealed him for ever from Olivia and the world; that he dared for her sake, deserted as she had been (at a time he loved her most) to encounter the cold damps of the night, and glide about like a midnight thief, in order to steal a look at the envied treasure he could no longer hope to possess. He even saw Vane lead his lovely bride from the church on the day on which they made their first appearance. Urged by an irresistible impulse of passion or phrenzy, he ventured to mix at a distance amongst the gazing multitude; but had, however, prudence enough left to take such precautions as effectually prevented his person from being discovered.

A few mornings after, he learnt that Mr. Vane was engaged to go out a hunting with a party of gentlemen. The weather was fine. Olivia had once loved walking. Perhaps she would on that day be tempted, in the absence of her husband,

to

to indulge her humour for a ramble amongst the various sweets which the country at this season so profusely displayed. Unknown and unsuspected, he wandered around the house, saw every one that entered or came out, and very soon his impatient eyes were gratified with a sight of the blooming Mrs. Vane, whom he saw leaning upon the arm of Eliza Pelham; on the other arm rested the little dog that Vane had formerly presented to her, and which received many caresses from his smiling mistress.

Regardless of consequences, and far too wretched to listen to the gentle admonitions of prudence or reflection, he no sooner saw Olivia and her companion seated under the shade of a spreading and venerable oak, in a retired part of the park, than he ventured to appear before them.

C H A P. XXVIII.

The Surprise.

THE ladies being thus abruptly interrupted, and alarmed at the appearance of a strange man in a sailor's dress, screamed with terror, and endeavoured to escape; but were prevented effecting their purpose by the miserable Davenport, who throwing himself at the feet of the terrified Olivia, told her, in a voice too well known, it was only the wretched Davenport, who came to steal a last look at all he held dear, and hear his pardon pronounced, or die to expiate his fault.— Olivia, a thousand times more alarmed at the sight of Davenport than she would have been had a dagger been held to her bosom by the most resolute and daring robber that ever infested the roads, sunk
back

back on the seat from which she had just risen, unable to speak, or even to look at the wretched object who was kneeling before her; in whose pallid countenance the traces of the misery he complained of were too faithfully marked. Miss Pelham, surprized and distressed at this scene, for which she was at a loss to account, hastened to the assistance of her friend.—Davenport still knelt upon the earth.—Is there no pardon, no peace, he cried, for the wretch who thus supplicates to be forgiven? Unkind Olivia! did you but know the conflicting torments I endured! How I was compelled to be another's, or become an outcast, a beggar!—I was so encompassed, that no way was left for me to escape. I must be a wretch for life: but may you ever be happy, ever a stranger to such misery as I endure!

Olivia, too much softened by this awful and pathetic address, held out her trembling hand to the humble suppliant, who snatched it to his bosom. Long since, she

cried, I sent you my forgiveness : but if my pronouncing it will restore your peace, know, I am not able to withhold that satisfaction from you---your pardon has been long sealed---I wept for your inconstancy, but cherished no resentment ; and at this moment, Heaven can tell, I lament the misery you feel.

Davenport, unable to sustain such a conflict of delight, as the being convinced Olivia did not execrate and hate him, leaned against a tree, but still held captive the hand he before had seized, and which she had struggled in vain to get from him.---‘Leave me,’ she cried, ‘leave me, too incautious, imprudent Davenport, and let this be the last time of our ever meeting. Know, if you attempt to see me again, the pardon I have given you I will instantly recal, and from that hour I shall consider you as my greatest enemy. Submit with patience to the lot chosen for you, and only remember Olivia as the wife of Mr. Vane.’

“Curse

“Curse the detested name,” he cried, rising from his humble posture, “and may every curse light on my own head, for the sacrifice I so easily made of all my happiness, in one fatal hour of unmanly weakness.---Can you, too, can you, oh Olivia, bid me leave and leave you for ever, yet grudge me a few short moments to bid you farewell?---Once there was a time that I was heard without regret.” ‘True,’ replied Mrs. Vane, ‘and from that originates the cause of your distress; therefore forget it, or let us only remember it to secure us against every future step that serves to remind us of what should be buried in eternal oblivion.---Farewell, forget me, and may you be ever happy.’

Again he caught hold of her hand---“Methinks,” he cried, “I could better have supported your indignation than your softness---and can you weep for me---weep for the wretch that so readily forfeited his vows? I will not detain you (seeing her

impatience to be gone); I will for ever .
tear myself from you---never more shall
the lost Davenport wilfully cause another
tear to fall from those dear eyes---yet
how hard to part with all I love, and hap-
piness for ever!"

‘Villain!’ exclaimed a voice, which
proceeded from behind some flowering
shrubs, that had concealed the knowledge
of any one’s being near from the agitated
parties---‘turn back---your account will
not be so easily settled as you imagine.’
—Vane instantly appeared: rage and in-
dignation overspread his countenance.
Davenport returned---both were unarmed;
but they agreed to meet within half an
hour at the bottom of the park.

Olivia and Miss Pelham, frightened to
distraction at the sudden appearance of
Vane, and terrified at his rage the mo-
ment he came up to Davenport, ran, or
rather flew, back to the house. Mrs. Vane,
only solicitous for the safety of her hus-
band, ordered the servants instantly to fly
to

to his assistance, then hurried to her chamber to give a loose to the anguish which this unfortunate morning had brought upon her.

The servants did as they were ordered; but meeting their master returning alone, and with impatient steps, to the house, they imagined their mistress had been terrified at seeing him in some danger of falling from his horse, he having been out upon a very fine spirited one that morning, thought at the time no more about it. Olivia sent every moment to enquire if Mr. Vane was come home; and no sooner did she hear he was in the house, and returned in safety, than the most lively joy succeeded: but soon did it give place to gloomy terror and alarming fears.

Her husband was enraged — Jealousy had taken possession of his soul — what could he think from finding her in tears, listening to the complaints of a rival he was but too well assured she had once fondly loved? She wrung her hands in the

bitterness of woe; she complained of Davenport's imprudence, and condemned her own guilty weakness in listening to him a moment. Miss Pelham, who was convinced the meeting was perfectly undesigned and accidental, on the part of her distracted friend, in vain attempted to soothe her into more composure, by saying every thing in her power to convince her that the indignation and displeasure of Mr. Vane would subside, on being made acquainted with the circumstance of her meeting Mr. Davenport. Miss Creswell, who had been brought into the room by the confusion which prevailed in the house to enquire the occasion of it, and who had refused to accompany her friends in their morning ramble, in order to write some letters, was told by Miss Pelham the whole of the affair, and joined with her in endeavouring to argue Olivia into more composure: but vainly they exerted their united persuasions. Olivia saw the whole of her misfortune, and feared the most fatal

fatal consequences would ensue. Too well she knew the pride of the one would not be easily satisfied, and she had every thing to dread from the determined and fixed despair of the other.

Prevailed upon at length by the intreaties of her friends, she sent to beg that Mr. Vane would permit her to speak to him. The servants came back to tell her, that they dared not disturb their master, who was gone into his library, and had left orders for no one to interrupt him till he was called to dinner. Olivia, fearful of increasing his displeasure, silently submitted to remain in agonizing suspense, till he himself should solicit an interview.

C H A P. XXIX.

A Duel.

VANE had taken this step in order to elude the observation of his people. He instantly put on his sword, and stealing out unobserved, hastened to the spot which he had fixed upon to meet his rival. Davenport was there before him. “This is the moment,” cried Vane, “that my soul has impatiently longed for. Wretch! prepare to account for the injury thou hast done my honour, and the wound thou hast given to my peace. Come on, then, thou double deceiver, thou basest of villains!” ‘My satisfaction is equal to your own,’ replied the now irritated Davenport: ‘but ere we close the account with one, if not with both our lives, ill as you deserve it from me, know, that I never wished

wished to destroy your peace, or wound your honour. Mrs. Vane knew not of my intention to see her. I came to hear her pronounce my pardon, and had taken my final leave of her for ever when you appeared. This information, however, justice to the fair cause of our eternal enmity, compels me to give. In love you have been victorious. Let us now try whose arm shall be most successful.'—Their swords were out in an instant, and, after a few passes, Davenport fell to the earth, having received a wound in the sword-arm, and another which had penetrated his side.

'Retire,' said the fallen Davenport, 'and send some assistance to me, that I may not die in this place, and take my forgiveness with you.'—Vane, though too much under the dominion of a jealous phrenzy to feel regret at seeing the blood of the man he had once called his friend, flowing from the wounds his hand had given, had, however, so much humanity left as to send some person to his assistance, and

then went home. Having received several messages from the innocent cause of all this misery, to be admitted to clear herself of any suspicions, to which the events of the morning might have given rise, she was desired to wait a few hours, when she should hear from him. Vane had been absent from his house so short a time, that his being abroad was not known to any of his servants; and as he was at home before he received a summons to dinner, not a creature in the family suspected what had been going forwards. He did not however appear, nor did any one attempt to sit down at table; and the dinner was taken away untouched, to the great surprize of the wondering domestics. Olivia's situation was truly pitiable; her tears flowed incessantly, and her fears increased with every increasing moment of suspense. Miss Pelham was much alarmed at the agitated situation of her friend, and even attempted to obtain an interview with her enraged husband,

band, but was peremptorily refused admittance; for as she was of the fatal party, Vane unjustly concluded she was accessory to the imprudent meeting of his rival with Mrs. Vane.

Several hours elapsed, and no message was brought to the wretched Olivia. At length a servant appeared with a letter, which he gave into the hand of Mrs. Vane, and instantly withdrew. Olivia opened the letter, with trembling impatience: the contents of which were as follows:

“ TO MRS. VANE.

MADAM,

ERE you read this, the writer of it will be far distant from you, — unjust, guilty, and ungrateful woman! Reflect on your situation, on the recent vows you made at the altar with the injured writer of these just reproaches, and tremble at

the baseness of your conduct ! Did I not see you in secret with my detested rival ? Did he not hold your hand ?—you even wept at the villain's artful tale : you shed tears of sorrow ! The wife of Vane listened to the love of another, and with her tears authorised him to hope ! Away then with disguise. I am your husband ; but your heart is still with Davenport ! But know, false harlot, that Davenport, ere this reaches your hand, may be no more : my well-directed sword has repaid the debt which its owner's injuries demanded ! Weep, lament his fate. The bride of Vane has already secretly met a detestable paramour. Decorated in her bridal ornaments, she heard the soft delusive tale. —I am a murderer, and an exile—and the hand that made me so (Heaven and earth !) the one I led so lately to the altar !—Blush, if shame has not been for ever banished from your cheek, and repent, if religion and virtue are not driven from your bosom.

My

My soul, at this moment, is involved in a tumult of complicated distress. I curse the day I was born, as I do that on which I commenced husband to an artful woman. Hear now, ingrate, my final resolution respecting yourself and future destination, and attempt not, by any letters, messages, or the interference of friends, to change that determination. Little as you deserve to be treated with lenity or generosity, I will not leave you destitute; but you shall no longer partake of my bounty than you strictly conform to the following injunctions:—Never, not for one night, leave the house to which my blind infatuation introduced you as mistress. I will allow you two hundred pounds a year, which shall be punctually paid quarterly, and which will enable you to keep up the gardens, where you may wander, like your first parent, and lament your fall. You may have three servants, two maid-servants and one man. No carriage shall you keep, unless you choose to have

have it at another's expence : you shall have no visitors of any kind, except Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn should ever think of seeing you ; and only once every year shall you have that indulgence. You are a disgrace to the society you have been allowed to mix with !—For the future, I insist on your total seclusion from the world. You may make appointments even with your paramour at church ; therefore, unless you mean to confirm my suspicions of your intention to continue obstinate in guilt, you must not go even there.—These are my commands ; I have considered them well, and will be resolute to my purpose. On no other terms will I permit you to assume my name, or make you an allowance so much above what you deserve, but will expose your baseness to the world. You may have your choice in servants ; but remember, I shall have my spies to inform me of every step you take.

Send

Send away your vile associates to their friends within three days, and see them no more. Attempt no excuses for the duplicity of a conduct but too well known, nor think to deceive me farther.

Reflect, infatuated, imprudent woman, and repent, for having driven from his paternal roof the husband of your choice, and sentenced to excruciating misery the heart that lived to make you happy.

HENRY VANE."

"P. S. Whether your paramour recovers his wounds or not, I shall leave England."

CHAP.

C H A P. XXX.

The Resolution of the Deserted Bride.

OLIVIA had scarcely fortitude to read the contents of this dreadful letter. She was, however, unable to shed one tear; and, without uttering a single complaint at the peculiar severity of her fate, silently put it into the hand of her beloved Miss Pelham, who read it with difficulty: so much did she feel the distresses of the unfortunate Olivia.—She loudly exclaimed against the jealous cruelty of Vane, and wished his obstinacy, in suffering himself to become the victim to appearances, however alarming, might entail upon him the punishment his hasty and unjust proceeding deserved.

Olivia intreated her not to condemn the conduct of her husband, which even at
that

that agonizing moment her own heart acquitted. She promised, at some future hour, to tell her how much reason, from many previous occurrences, he had to be alarmed at such suspicious appearances. Herself only she accused: said, to her own imprudence was owing all her past and present sufferings; and therefore she had no one else to blame.

Miss Pelham eagerly enquired what she meant to do; and whether she would submit to such unheard-of cruelty, for a mere subsistence, and seclude herself from the world, to gratify the suspicious revenge of tyrannical injustice? I mean, cried the gentle Olivia, to conform strictly to every injunction this letter contains: Mr. Vane has but too much reason to complain of me. By fortitude and resignation, I will endeavour to atone for what is past; and Heaven, I hope, will accept, with mercy, the unreluctant sacrifice I make of the world. Poor Davenport! perhaps, ere now, he has atoned for his impru-

imprudence with his life! Ah! why was the husband of Olivia the murderer of Davenport!---Tears now came to her relief: she was carried to her chamber: every domestic was in tears; for Vane, before he left the country, had sent an old steward, who was entirely dedicated to him, to discharge all the servants, except those three whom he had left Olivia the power of retaining. This man, whose name was Randal, was a creature who had outlived every sentiment of benevolence and pity, and whose only remaining passion was avarice. He rejoiced at this strange, unexpected resolution of Vane, as it again threw the management of his estates entirely into his power, at a moment too when he supposed that they had eluded his reach for ever.

He promised to watch the conduct of Mrs. Vane, and not to suffer her to escape any part of that sentence to which she was condemned. He, therefore, arrived with his credentials a few hours after the departure

parture of Vane, and the next day was admitted to the weeping Olivia; to whom he roughly told the commission with which he was intrusted.---She silently submitted; and had very little difficulty to make her choice of servants. Her own maid was a young girl that she had brought with her from her dear native village; she had once lived with Mrs. Goldwyn: the other two she chose for their sobriety and attention to their duty.

The servants were all unwilling to leave their place, nor would they depart till their lady herself informed them, it was by command of their master they were discharged: and the next day was fixed upon for their being dismissed.

Another alarm was now given, that a gentleman had been found in the park very much wounded, had been carried to an inn in the neighbourhood; that surgeons had been sent for, who at first thought his wounds had been mortal, and had advised him to send to London for better

better advice; but that he resolutely refused to comply.

Various were the conjectures and reports that were instantly circulated about the neighbourhood. Vane's flight was soon known, and the cause of it supposed to be on account of the duel, which no one doubted his having fought. It was soon hinted that jealousy had been the occasion of the parties meeting; and Olivia was instantly condemned, without her alledged crime being known. Her beauty had created so much envy already amongst the ladies in the neighbourhood, that at the instant some of them affected to pity her fall, they secretly rejoiced at her humiliation.---Could such a disinterested lover, such an enamoured bridegroom be so instantly jealous without reason, or determined to leave a woman, for whom he had sacrificed so much, without being certain he had just cause for his suspicions? It was as impossible to suppose it, as it was to doubt her being guilty.---The world is too ready

ready to condemn the conduct of the unfortunate, and glad to have any excuse to avoid those who are surrounded with affliction, and ever as eagerly hasty to hail the rising sun of prosperity, even when it shines on the unworthy.

Miss Pelham and Miss Creswell, with the greatest difficulty, were prevailed upon to take themselves from the embraces of their weeping friend three days after the departure of Mr. Vane; but were given to understand, by the unfeeling Randal, that he had orders not to permit their stay at Vane-Grove any longer.---Before their departure, Olivia had informed them of her former attachment to the unfortunate Davenport, and the whole of its attendant distresses. Unable to alleviate the complicated anguish with which she was surrounded, they only could lament it, and join their tears with those of their innocent, suffering friend. But instead of returning to their own home, they agreed first to visit Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn, in order to
break

break this alarming intelligence to them, and clear Olivia from every suspicion that they otherwise might have of her not being free from blame. This friendly determination, in some degree, reconciled Olivia to their departure; for the being condemned by Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn would have proved such an additional weight of misery as her heart could not have supported. But when she saw them depart, she felt a despondence she could not conquer.--- Deserted by her husband! and that at a time when he was inexpressibly dear to her heart! banished from society! secluded from the world! no one left to whom she could unbosom the anguish of her soul! and all for what? For having shed the tear of compassion at the sorrows of an object she once had been taught to love, before she suspected there was any danger of doing so! True, she had wept; had signed the pardon he solicited with tears: but she had not, even at that time, a wish, in the most secret recesses of her heart, that,

that, as the wife of another, she would have blushed to have laid open to the inspection of the severest judge of female weakness. She felt the anxiety of a friend for the fate of Davenport: she trembled even at that moment of self-examination, lest his wounds should prove fatal: she likewise shuddered with horror at the thought of Vane's being the murderer; for Olivia had ever been taught to consider duels in no other light than authorised by custom, and often beyond the reach of those laws which were formed for the punishment of guilt. She knew that the conqueror, if his adversary died, must feel himself a murderer!

C H A P. XXXI.

A Visit to the Sick.

WE will, for the present, leave Olivia, and return to Davenport, whom we left at an inn. Two of the best surgeons the country afforded had been sent for, and, on a second examination of his wounds, found them in a situation that promised a speedy recovery. In a few days after, accompanied by one of them, and supported with pillows, he set off in a post-chaise for town; nor could any persuasions, or any fear of the consequences which might follow such an imprudent attempt, deter him from putting it in practice. He apprehended, his own family would be alarmed at his absence. He had heard of Vane's having left the country; and he knew, if any of his family should discover his situation,

ation, and come to him, the cause of the duel could not be long concealed from them. Mischief enough had already been the consequence of his imprudence.—Should Mrs. Davenport ever become acquainted with his love for Olivia, it would only serve to increase those distresses already but too extensively felt.

In this miserable situation, both of body and mind, he arrived at his own house, having first enjoined his companion, by the most solemn promises, to preserve the strictest secrecy, and to inform him, from time to time, how the family at Vane-Grove was circumstanced. This he promised, and faithfully performed; for already this good man felt a strong partiality and friendly anxiety in the behalf of his patient. He had admired the manly fortitude he exhibited in the midst of his sufferings, which, from the gloomy melancholy that was fixed on his brow, he concluded had originated from a secret cause far more painful. The gentleman's

name was Beever. In him the soundest judgment was united with the tenderest heart : and never, since the untimely death of Elford, Olivia's father, was there one who could have been a greater honour to the profession he practised.

At the time Davenport was carried by his servants to his bed, Mrs. Davenport was in the midst of a gay circle at the Pantheon, surrounded by flatterers, and amused with the enchanting pleasures of that delusive place. She returned not to her own home till the night was far spent. When told by her servants of the situation in which their master was brought home, she found all her tendernefs awakened, and flew into the room, without any previous notice being given to the sick man of her intention. She threw herself on her knees by his bedside, wrung her hands, and lamented his fate in the most melting language of affection.

This abrupt intrusion awoke Davenport from a sound sleep, into which he had but
just

just fallen ; who, being affected at seeing the distressed situation of his wife, exerted himself to give her consolation. All this, added to the previous fatigue of a long and painful journey, brought on a fever, which, for some days, threatened this most unfortunate young man with a speedy release from all his conflicting miseries.

But the best advice, strictly observed and practised, the watchful care of Mr. Beevor, with the advantages of youth and a good constitution, enabled him at length to struggle through the united torments of a wounded body, and no less tortured mind. Lord and Lady Davenport, Mr. Maynard, and every other friend, had been alarmed at his danger. A thousand enquiries were made as to the cause of his having fought, and the name of his adversary ; to both of which they received no other satisfaction, than that it was occasioned by some sudden dispute : and Davenport resolutely refused to tell the name of the gentle-

man whom he had met ; acquitting him of blame, even if he died of his wounds.

A few weeks put Davenport's recovery beyond all doubt ; and he was soon able to leave his apartment, and receive the congratulations of his anxious friends : but from that moment the resignation of his commission was, on all sides, so strongly insisted upon, that he was obliged to sell out. Mr. Beevor returned to his own home, loaded with the most liberal presents and friendly careffes. Mrs. Davenport, by the recovery of her husband, once more regained her liberty ; and the same gay scenes took place that afforded delight to all but the dejected Davenport, who, more averse than ever to the sound of joy, or the voice of dissipation, made his injured health an excuse for not mixing in them. However, such was the sweetness of his disposition, that he never hinted to his Fanny the most distant wish of restraining her pleasure ; therefore the
utmost

utmost harmony prevailed between them ; and as she never left her own house from disgust, but was led to wander from it by the prevailing fashion of the times, which by people of rank must be observed, she returned to her own home unaccompanied by either fear or discontent ; and though she pretended not to dislike, nor attempted to avoid the flattery of the men with whom she mixed, she had escaped the tongue of scandal ; for her gaiety was of that innocent sort, that only the old and envious could yet bring themselves to censure.

Davenport's brother still continued the most abandoned courses : he gamed, kept his mistress, frequented Newmarket, and entered into the true spirit of every fashionable vice. Miss Davenport had married an Irish lord, and had accompanied him to his native kingdom, much against the consent of her parents ; and there found sufficient punishment for having transgressed the rules of duty. Her hus-

band was gay and inconstant : too soon his conduct discovered to her how little value he set on the sacrifice she had made to him : and, to increase her distresses, she was informed that he had married her in order to repair his finances, which were terribly deranged. Her spirit being high, and her pride equal to her spirit, discord lighted his torch beneath their roof, and of course happiness retreated from their dwelling.

Lord and Lady Davenport, wounded by the conduct of their darling children, now fled to the once disregarded Edward for consolation. Though they had compelled him to be unhappy, he never reproached them for doing so : and in his society alone, they found a refuge from corroding care. All their alarms now proceeded from the precarious state of health under which he laboured, but which they now watched with the tenderest observation. Some secret grief they saw he cherished, which unbounded affluence could
not

not reach. They wished to discover the latent cause; but tried every persuasive effort to no purpose. Davenport, informed by Mr. Beevor of the cruel sentence which Vane had passed upon his wife before he deserted her, felt a fresh weight of the most agonizing woe added to that which was before fixed upon his heart, and which only could be removed by a reconciliation between the pair he had so undesignedly been the cause of separating. He made use of every art he could contrive to discover the retreat of Vane; determined to take every step that was possible to produce a reunion; but in vain were all his enquiries: no clue could be found to effect his purpose: however, he determined, if ever an opportunity offered, once more to venture his life in the cause of that innocence he had so undesignedly injured, and which he would gladly have died to justify.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXII.

The Correspondents.

O L I V I A, condemned to solitude, submitted without complaint; and having been early taught to find amusement from herself, soon found her situation not so very wretched as she had supposed it would be; but as she had been accustomed to society, the loss of it was severely felt in her first hours of despondence. The earliest ray of pleasure that enlivened her gloomy hours was an account which some friendly hand conveyed to her, that Davenport lived: and that introduced a thousand others. Mr. Vane might return; and by so doing, clear her injured fame of every base aspersion; whilst her subsequent conduct should convince him that she lived for him alone.—The following

lowing letter, which she received from her dear Mr. Goldwyn, introduced hope to her bosom, that soft soother of human woes.

L E T T E R I.

MR. GOLDWYN to MRS. VANE.

My Dearest Child,

MY heart at this moment bleeds with anguish—for you, my Olivia, it bleeds! But having the firmest reliance on your virtue, it harbours not a suspicion of your having deserved to suffer the trials that await you. Submit then, my daughter, be careful of your health, and let your fortitude be equal to your sufferings. Doubt not the guardian care of that all-watchful Providence, which has accompanied you from your birth, nor will forsake you even in the grave. Make
your

your present seclusion from the world an advantage to your maturer age, and let it serve to convince you of the instability of all human expectations.—The conscious rectitude of our own hearts must be the tribunal by which our actions must be tried : if that sacred tribunal acquits us, the world condemns in vain.—Oh that you had been allowed to have returned to us ! that we had been permitted to soften those tender anxieties with which the voluntary absence of your husband must be attended ! But despair not, my beloved child ; though a deserted bride, you may yet experience the joy of being a happy wife. We will come to you the very day that our pupils leave us : we will come together. Your mother is equally impatient as myself to embrace her beloved daughter ; and as I know we shall find you surrounded with the self-approving plaudits of a mind unacquainted with guilt, I trust we shall find you composed and content, if not happy.—Write to us : unbosom all
your

your cares, and doubt not of their being rested secure in the fond hearts of your affectionate parents.

WILLIAM GOLDWYN.

A few days after the receipt of the above consoling letter, Mrs. Vane had likewise the pleasure of receiving one from her friend Miss Pelham: and as at this time a correspondence necessarily commenced between the parties, their letters will more fully serve to explain their sentiments than a narrative of their contents.

THE END OF VOLUME I.